

JEFFERSON

MONTHLY

Hard times
at the school
of hard knocks

Thus sang
Zarathustra

Trial
by jury

How he got
the Legion
of Honor

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everybody
knows your
business



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Physician, heal thyself

The letters column of July's *Jefferson Monthly* contains an unfair indictment by H. Everett Hrubant of Russell Sadler's column in the April issue.

Hrubant accuses Sadler of using data "very inaccurately," and declares that "had any of my graduate students submitted an analysis based on such 'loose data', they'd never have received their degrees." But Hrubant's own methodology warrants scrutiny.

For instance, in response to Sadler's call for reformation of Oregon's tax structure, Hrubant plumps for decreased spending, and asserts that Oregon's "greatest proportion of waste is in the Legislature and the administrative sector, with too many high-priced administrators and their bloated staffs." According to the 1993-94 *Oregon Blue Book*, however, the salaries of the state's legislators are fixed by statute at \$989 month, the governor is paid \$80,000 a year (less than the Jackson County administrator), the secretary of state earns \$61,500, and the attorney general \$65,000. Indeed, if Hrubant had taken the trouble to compare the salary of the state's top attorney with the salaries of private attorneys, he might have had to revise his assertion that Oregon is being served by "high-priced administrators."

Again, how many corporate CEOs receive higher salaries than Oregon's chief executive to manage fewer assets? And does one legislative assistant for each state senator and representative constitute "bloated staffs," as Hrubant contends?

If he'd researched the topic more thoroughly, Hrubant might also have cited the May 11 issue of *Financial World*, with its conclusion that Oregon is the seventh-best-managed state in the nation and would probably rank higher, but for the constraints imposed by Measure 5.

In excoriating Sadler's tax-reform proposals, Hrubant inveighs against

waste, not at the state level, but in the Phoenix-Talent school district and the federal government. In particular, he cites the fact that Erickson Air Crane of Central Point had to acquire 38 different approvals before it could remove the statue from the Capitol dome in Washington, D.C. To be sure, all that red tape may have been a source of exasperation to Erickson, but it's no more germane than the Phoenix-Talent school budget is to Oregon's tax structure, or to Sadler's discourse on state taxes.

Hrubant concludes by suggesting that Sadler's writings should be relegated to the fiction section of the *Jefferson Monthly*. But, though he identifies himself as an author who's "published research papers in national and international scientific journals since the late 1950s," it's clear Hrubant is capable of some creative interpretations himself.

Jay Mullen
Medford

The uses of meat

I'm 64 years old, and have been a lacto-vegetarian since age 20, but, unlike the girl in "A Dog's Thanksgiving" [July], I've never converted anyone, or felt the need to. Two of my best friends are cowboys for whom "the stock comes first," and my dog won't eat his kibbles till I put some of my food on top.

If hyenas, jackals, and sharks weren't balanced by dogs, cats, and dolphins, the "nice" carnivores, I might feel like that girl — though it wouldn't be safe to criticize them, and their mothers probably wouldn't take my side.

I "believe" we might never have appreciated the blade — whereby was born everything we've made — enough to *make* anything, if it hadn't been for circumcision, meat-eating, and creation as an explanation of the source of raw materials.

I "believe" perfect creatures in a perfect world would die perfect deaths — deaths that balance birth and don't exploit the rule that nothing but fitting parts can go astray. They'd die by spontaneous combustion, with their inner fire, the bright halo of their charisma, rather than the outer coldness, consuming the body. The first

burnt offerings were cooked by God, and God looked like a burning bush to Moses, and Jesus said we should be baptized by fire.

I "believe" the great financial depression, Hitler, and the great moral depression all resulted from our inability to incorporate continuity and leverage into our world of miracles, language, money, and push-buttons, as demonstrated by the precipitous failure of Herbert Hoover, our first engineer president, and the heir of Eugene Debs and Robert LaFollette.

Christians usually don't appreciate that electricity and chemistry are related, and time and space, and God-spirit and Christ-body, and tongues and understanding, and forgiveness and healing, and the blessings of God and the coins of Caesar, and the yeast of language and the lightning which shineth from the east to the west, and leavened bread and unleavened bread, and the language of Babel and the bricks of Babel, and attorney Bill Clinton and engineer Herbert Hoover.

Religion without disclaimers and adaptability might work for the doggy Thanksgiving girl — and others — but not for me.

James Parkerson
Chiloquin

Policy on letters

Letters intended for publication must be signed and include, for purposes of verification only, the writer's street address and phone number. All letters are subject to editing for clarity and length.

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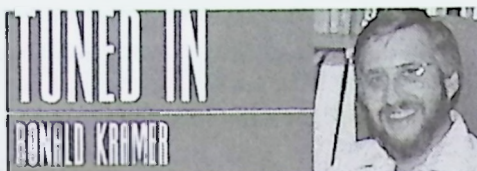
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Winter was hell, drive was heaven

TODAY I'D LIKE to update you on recent developments at Jefferson Public Radio, beginning with the state of our transmission facilities.

As you know, the weather played havoc with our equipment this winter. The list of repairs to be made runs to several pages and, in order to pay for them, we decided to conduct a special short fund-raising drive.

At the time the drive was launched, the repair bill was estimated at \$55,000.

In demonstration of the strength of its commitment to public radio even in the midst of Measure 5-related economic woes, Southern Oregon State College kicked things off with a generous pledge, and we then asked our listeners to contribute another \$30,000.

The results were astonishing. Before we even opened the microphones for the on-air campaign, members had sent in \$18,000, and the on-air campaign and listener mail made up the remaining \$12,000.

We had pledges of all sizes, ranging from \$1,000 down to \$2, and they came, not only from members, but from people who'd never before joined the JPR Listeners Guild.

This was a terrific response to a challenging situation, and everyone at JPR is enormously gratified by the loyalty exhibited by our listeners.

Our deepest thanks to all who contributed to the success of this campaign. John Holt, our engineer, will be spending the rest of the summer happily making repairs, now that we can purchase the necessary materials.

Music to our ears

BECAUSE SO MUCH of the music we play is specialized, and rarely available in local stores, for years listeners have been calling to ask where they can purchase recordings they've heard on JPR.

Many other public radio stations have

had the same experience, and a group of them finally got together last year to work out a solution that would benefit both their listeners and themselves.

The result is the Public Radio Music Source (PRMS), which JPR joins this month.

A non-profit organization set up by public radio, PRMS will sell you, by mail, any commercially produced recording you hear played on JPR. And when you call PRMS, you can depend on it that — as is often not the case with commercial mail-order outfits — the person who answers the phone will be highly conversant with the type of music we broadcast.

PRMS will do more than just make hard-to-find recordings easily available to you. The best thing about this new service is that every order you place will produce income for JPR, in the form of a royalty.

To assist PRMS in identifying recordings you may want to purchase, we'll be providing its staff with a daily list of much of the music we play. From the volume of calls we routinely receive for information about recordings, we have every reason to believe PRMS will prove invaluable to our listeners.

As of Aug. 1, you can place orders by calling 1-800-75-MUSIC. Please let us know your reactions.

A double whammy

YOU'LL DOUBTLESS recall that the Spring Marathon fell more than \$20,000 short of its goal.

At the time, we indicated that, given this shortfall, and the costs we projected for NPR programming in fiscal '93-'94, we didn't think we could maintain our existing level of programming.

Alas, things proved to be even worse than we anticipated. When the actual costs came in from NPR at the end of June, they turned out to be nightmarishly higher than our projections.

In fiscal '92-'93, which ended on June 30, NPR programming cost us \$134,000, plus a \$31,000 basic NPR membership fee.

For fiscal '93-'94, by contrast, NPR has changed the way it calculates costs for networks like ours that operate multiple stations, and the change, which was supposed to be beneficial to

stations in smaller communities, in fact eliminated a discount policy of fundamental importance to our type of operation.

The result has been a sizable increase in the cost to us of NPR programming, to the point where the same programming for which we paid \$134,000 in '92-'93 would have cost us no less than \$283,000 in '93-'94. Unfortunately, in setting the goal of our Spring Marathon at \$166,000, we'd estimated that NPR programming would cost us only \$145,000 in '93-'94, not counting the basic NPR membership fee. And so, with our problem of underrealized revenue seriously compounded by underestimated costs, the conclusion could scarcely be escaped that we'd come to the end of the line in terms of our ability to afford NPR programming. We therefore reluctantly decided to drop, as of Aug. 1, all NPR programming from our News and Information Service (currently heard only over KSJK in the Rogue Valley).

This isn't a step we've taken lightly or happily. A news-and-information service that carries no programming from the largest producer of news in public radio is manifestly an anomaly, but we chose this path for three reasons:

- It saves the money we need to balance our budget.

- Virtually all listeners to the News and Information Service also have access to our other services, which continue to broadcast NPR programming. So, though they'll have to do some dial-switching, these listeners will still have access to the NPR news-magazines.

- To fill the seven hours a day previously devoted to NPR programs on the News and Information Service, we've been able to schedule a variety of programs not previously heard on any of our stations. For example, we're adding a number of hours of BBC programs and other domestic and international offerings of interest. (For the full revised schedule, see page 44.)

One of the unhappy side effects of this new approach is the complete disappearance of "Talk of the Nation" from the JPR lineup. In this instance, however, we could neither afford the supplemental charge for the program nor find the airtime for it on our two remaining NPR-affiliated services. In

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other words, a good program is gone from JPR because the dues policies at NPR are foolishly penalizing communities of our size. Still, we're hopeful we can sustain the NPR programs on our remaining two services, and that we won't again have to confront the need to cut them back.

All the same, I want to restate my conviction that small communities like ours can't indefinitely continue to accept increased levels of financial responsibility for public radio as federal support for stations declines. The long-term preservation of the type of public-radio service the nation has come to expect has to involve increased federal participation in the financial equation, preferably at the percentages in effect ten or more years ago.

We lose a friend

THE FOLLOWING is the text of an announcement I made on the "Jefferson Daily" on July 1.

"When a good, effective public-radio system emerges, it does so because of the combined work of committed individuals.

"Inevitably, the work of a few key people helps define and shape the result.

"Yesterday, we lost one of the people most important to Jefferson Public Radio.

"While he'd served on the faculty since 1968, Gary Prickett was appointed Dean of College Relations and Development here at Southern Oregon State College in 1982. Shortly thereafter, responsibility for our public-radio operations was assigned to his area of the institution, although it was an assignment he hadn't sought out. He knew little about broadcasting, and was also little known to our staff here at JPR.

"Perhaps both to his and my surprise, Gary not only quickly learned the intricacies of what we did and were striving to achieve, he became an important factor in our accomplishments. During the ten years of our association, he became an aggressive defender and champion of public radio, quick to provide assistance and encouragement.

"He was a source of wise counsel, vision, friendship, and occasional criticism when warranted. He touched

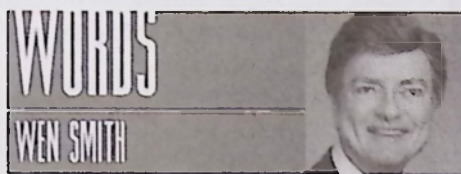
what we do, left us in a far stronger condition than was the case when he arrived on the scene, and was a key element in our successes.

"Gary Prickett passed away yesterday after a courageous battle with cancer.

"SOSC president Joe Cox spoke for the entire college in noting that it's 'lost a person of enormous talent, energy, and loyalty.'

"We here at Jefferson Public Radio keenly feel that loss today. But we gratefully acknowledge the vigor and value of the association we shared with Gary over the past decade. We shall deeply miss him."

Ronald Kramer is Jefferson Public Radio's director of broadcasting.



Read this column if you're illiterate

CHARLIE AND his wife, Angel, joined us last week for dinner. We were having Chinese.

"What's this?" Charlie wanted to know when my wife passed him a platter.

"Sweet-and-sour chicken," my wife said.

His eye scanned the platter. "Which is the sweet?" he asked.

Angel looked embarrassed. "The sweet and sour are all one, Charlie."

"Sounds like a contradiction," he said.

"It's a figure of speech," I said, "an oxymoron."

"Pretty big word," Charlie said. "You been listening to Bill Buckley again? You talk like one of those dimwit eggheads."

"You've got it," I said. "Dimwit is the opposite of egghead. You made up an oxymoron."

Charlie said, "Hey, I'm talkin' like an egghead."

His wife said, "Charlie, you don't have to be an egghead to make up contradictions."

"Oh, you got one to suggest?" he

challenged.

"Marital bliss," she said. Charlie smiled and patted her hand.

My wife said she could suggest another oxymoron, *home economics*.

"I like that one," Angel said. "You can't run a home and be economical too."

Charlie looked vacantly thoughtful. "You know, maybe an oxymoron is something like the character Dustin Hoffman played in the movie — you know, the 'Rain Man.' They called him an *idiot savant*."

"Yes," my wife said. "Retarded in some ways but a genius in others. A living oxymoron."

"It's a great figure of speech," I said. "It seems foolish, or moronic, but it's really sharp. *Oxy* means *pointed* in Greek."

"Phil, down the street, is the only Greek I know," Charlie said. "He says his name means *lover*."

"And *phobe* means hate," I said. "I guess a *philophobe* is someone who hates to love."

"I get it," Charlie said. "Another of those *oxy-dimwits*."

Charlie's wife said, "Remember when we were sophomores in high school?"

"That's a well-forgotten memory," my wife said. She smiled as we all appreciated her oxymoron.

"Well," Charlie's wife went on, "I was told *sophomore* is Greek for *wise fool*."

"Good thing I didn't know that," Charlie said, "or I'd have dropped out before our final commencement."

"Good one," I said. "*Final commencement* is good. Charlie, you have a gift for oxymorons."

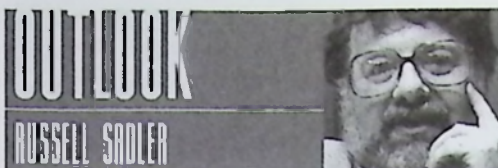
"Yeah, maybe I'll write a book," he said.

After a moment of eloquent silence, Charlie turned to my wife. "Great sweet-and-sour chicken," he said.

Later, as Charlie and his wife were leaving, I heard him muttering phrases like *military intelligence* and *good government* and *politically correct*. He was gathering oxymorons for his book.

When we were alone, I said to my wife, "Nothing like Chinese food to turn a man into an egghead." And she gave me a bittersweet smile.

Wen Smith's *Speaking of Words* is heard on the Jefferson Daily every Monday afternoon, and on KSOR's *First Concert* Saturdays at 10 a.m.



No free lunch

THE MYTH of the free lunch lives on among those in the forefront of the latest battle to loosen up Oregon's land-use laws.

This is a group of warriors made up, not just of die-hard Oregonians who never accepted the creation of the state Land Conservation and Development Commission in 1973, but also of newcomers who don't understand why they shouldn't be able to build houses on farmland and forestland, as they did in California and other states. Unfortunately, nobody seems to want to remind them that the voters in 1990 passed Ballot Measure 5, the property-tax limitation. Indeed, in the legislative never-never land where land-use law and tax policy meet, you'd think lawmakers were completely unaware that Measure 5 all but eliminated the autonomy of local governments and hence their ability to cope with growth. As evidence of this obliviousness, consider the fact that the state House has voted to ease restrictions on development outside cities at a time when:

- Voters can no longer vote for the local taxes to pay the bills incurred by population growth.

- Western Oregon counties will receive only half of their customary payments from the sale of federal timber.

- The Legislature is reducing the money local government receives from the state for general purposes.

Notwithstanding all this, many elected county commissioners of course love the idea of greater leeway for development. Not only will more development give them new subdivisions to govern and increase the assessed value of land and therefore the size of tax collections, it will also give them new ways to reward campaign contributors. The trouble is, no one in Salem or anywhere else has seriously discussed how to pay for the police and fire protection, the roads, and the schools the residents of the new

subdivisions will require.

Newcomers don't pay for themselves. Take the schools. It costs over \$4,000 to send one child through the state's public schools for a year, but the average residential property-tax bill is less than that, so a new home with just one child is an immediate burden on education. And that doesn't take into account the cost of more police, fire protection, roads, and other public services.

Growth has been the one constant in Oregon. The population grew by 50% in the 1950s, by 30% in the '60s, and by still another 30% in the '70s. And, then as now, the subdivisions created to house the many newcomers didn't pay for themselves. It cost more to provide them with services than they paid in taxes, so the burden of growth fell on established property owners, too. It was population pressure of this type that led to the enactment of the state's land-use laws in 1973.

OREGON SURVIVED the growth of the '50s, '60s, and '70s because voters made their own decisions about how to pay for it through local property taxes. This healthy autonomy broke down, however, when the Legislature began giving owners of commercial property increasingly generous tax exemptions and, in the process, shifted the cost of population growth onto owners of residential property.

Out of displeasure with this shift, Don McIntyre, the owner of a racquetball club in Gresham, created Measure 5. Census figures show that Gresham's population grew by 116% between 1980 and 1990, but, because McIntyre no longer wanted to pay his civic bills, Measure 5 today is stuffing the whole of Oregon into a straitjacket made in Salem to the specifications of Portland and its suburbs. And now the same lawmakers who chant the mantra of "no new taxes" and balk at overhauling the state's antiquated tax system to pay the bills for local growth want to lift rural land-use restrictions and encourage more growth.

Where you have a growing population without the means to pay the bills for it, you have a prescription for a declining civic standard of living, as California is learning to its regret 15 years after Proposition 13. Oregon,

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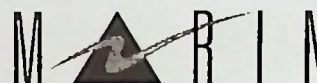
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however, doesn't have the cash reserves of California, so the decline here will come sooner and more harshly.

Before Measure 5, smaller communities from Bend to Bandon could ignore Portland's mushrooming growth and the headaches associated with it, and resolve their own problems at the local level. No more.

Measure 5 has crammed all Oregon together in a centralized sack, and Portland's woes are now everyone's, because the Portland-dominated Legislature will pay to solve its own problems first, and leave budgetary crumbs to the rest of the state.

What it comes down to is that Measure 5 is having a worse effect on growth than any land-use law. So go ahead. Loosen land-use restrictions without overhauling the tax system or restoring autonomy to local voters. Yes, you'll get growth as a result, but you're also sure to get reduced livability and — if California is any indication — declining property values as well.

Russell Sadler's *Oregon Outlook* is heard Monday through Friday on Jefferson Public Radio's *Morning News* and on the *Jefferson Daily*.



Go and catch a falling star

AT ONE TIME or another, everyone's seen a shooting star. You'll be glancing casually at the night sky when, without warning, a tiny streak of light will flash across it, only to disappear just as suddenly as it appeared.

What we call shooting stars are of course meteors — bits of outer-space debris that burn up in the earth's atmosphere, producing light, as E.F. Chladni (1756-1826) was the first to suggest. (The word meteor comes from the Greek word *meteoron*, meaning "high in the air.")

Most shooting stars are produced by fragments no bigger than a grain of sand or a BB. They travel at anywhere

from 20 to 70 miles above the earth's surface, at speeds of around 72,000 miles an hour.

Meteors tend to occur in "showers" over the course of several weeks. This is because of their origin in the spent tails of comets.

When comets get fairly close to the sun, in the neighborhood of Jupiter, their frozen gases boil off and they start producing tails. Such tails contain a great deal of dust, sand, and gravel and, as comets disintegrate in the inner solar system, the sand and gravel from their tails remains behind, in orbit.

The earth passes through these orbiting remnants at the same time every year and, when the particles of sand and gravel encounter our atmosphere, we're treated to a meteor shower.

There are meteor showers every month. One of the most spectacular occurred on Nov. 12, 1883, when meteors fell at the rate of more than 26,000 an hour. Observers were able to trace these meteors back to a point of origin that seemed to be in the constellation Leo, so they were called the Leonids, and we now name all meteor showers after the constellations they appear to originate in.

The most spectacular meteor showers today, the Perseids and the Geminids, occur in mid-August and mid-December, respectively. In both showers, you can expect to see meteors burn up at the rate of one a minute.

In 1835, Adolphe Quetlet of the Brussels Observatory first noticed that there was an annual meteor shower proceeding from the direction of the constellation Perseus. Three decades later, in 1866, G.V. Schiaparelli and Hubert Anderson Newton discovered that these Perseid showers occurred whenever the earth crossed the orbit of the comet Swift-Tuttle (1862 III). This was the first time a meteor shower was positively identified with a comet.

To enjoy the Perseid shower this month, look up at the sky around the night of the 12th. You don't have to face in any special direction to see this celestial fireworks display, but the viewing will be best after midnight.

Richard Moeschl hosts the *Milky Way Starlight Theater*, heard on Jefferson Public Radio's *Rhythm and News* and *News and Information* services.



Uninvited guests

TILL A FEW weeks ago, I thought this winter's cold temperatures had taken care of that scourge of outdoor meals on our deck — the yellowjacket.

Wrong again. What a bother! Our uninvited guests seem especially partial to chicken and salmon, and aren't the least bit bashful about helping themselves.

Yellowjackets are first-order social insects — not because they like picnics, but because they live together in large colonies made up of many sterile female workers and a fertile, egg-laying queen. The workers play an active role in making elegant paper nests and looking after larvae.

At first, workers are produced, then, late in the season, queens and males form. In temperate climates, all members of the colony die each year except the new queens, which form new colonies in the spring. It was these queens I hoped had frozen during the recent cold weather. No such luck.

The nests of yellowjackets and bald-faced hornets are architectural marvels. The workers collect small pellets of wood pulp from plants and carry them to the nest, where they mix the pulp with salivary secretions to form hexagonal cells and the thin, papery sheets of the nest's outer layers. The thin paper layers are strong and light, with spaces between them that act as insulation.

Yellowjackets are around all summer, for the most part doing good by killing many insects we consider pests. Later in the season, though, as their natural prey becomes less abundant, they move on to other delicacies, like barbecued chicken.

Most humans learn the hard way at an early age that black-and-yellow flying insects are quick to resent an insult and equipped with a modified ovipositor that acts as a stinger and delivers a powerful, painful mixture of enzymes and proteins. The description of bald-faced hornets in Essig's *Insects of*

Western North America takes me right back to childhood.

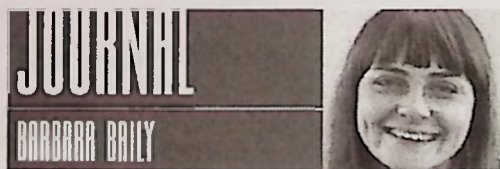
"The workers are very pugnacious," Essig writes, "but perhaps no more so than the hundreds of country boys who destroy their nests."

God, I still get an adrenaline rush thinking about it. My friends and I spot the nest, large, ominous, gray, and the size of a basketball. So we collect rocks, and the assault begins, first from afar, and then from closer and closer. Scared to death that we'll hit the nest, but driven to continue by some ancient primal urge, we keep up the barrage till bang! a rock strikes the target and out pours the angry band to drive off its tormentors, who retreat, regroup, and resume the attack till someone finally gets stung.

I've often thought I stayed out of trouble as an adolescent by throwing rocks at yellowjackets and hornets while others of my contemporaries were stealing hubcaps and the rings from Buick hood ornaments.

Some advice from an expert: When uninvited yellowjackets show up at your next outdoor meal, don't scream, throw up your arms, and begin running about. Stay calm, even if a yellowjacket is on the fork you're raising to your mouth. A slow, gentle brushing motion or wiggle is more likely to save you from a sting than a swat or a stomp. As a friend and former colleague used to say, "Gentle ways are best."

Dr. Frank Lang's *Nature Notes* can be heard Fridays on the *Jefferson Daily* and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR's *Classics and News Service*.



A musical dodo

IT'S NOT JUST dodo birds that go extinct. Musical instruments are subject to the same fate, as the case of the arpeggione demonstrates.

Invented by a Vienesse guitar-maker in 1821, the arpeggione resembled a guitar, only it was held between the knees and played with a bow. The

resultant sound was so warm and beautiful that Schubert wrote a sonata for the arpeggione, but nobody seems to have been able to play the instrument, and it soon became obsolete.

So where can you get to hear a sonata written by a great composer for an instrument that no longer exists?

The answer is, at the tenth annual **September Music Festival**, where Schubert's sonata will be performed by violist **Larry Stubson**, in a transcription for viola and piano.

All the concerts in the festival are held on Sundays at 3 p.m. at the Medford Presbyterian Church, 2000 Oakwood Drive.

Stubson, a member of the **Rogue Valley Symphony** and a teacher in the Medford schools, will play the Schubert sonata at the first concert, on Sept. 12.

The program will also feature the Brahms Sonata No. 2 in E flat major, Op. 120, and the Mozart Trio for Clarinet, Viola, and Piano, K. 498.

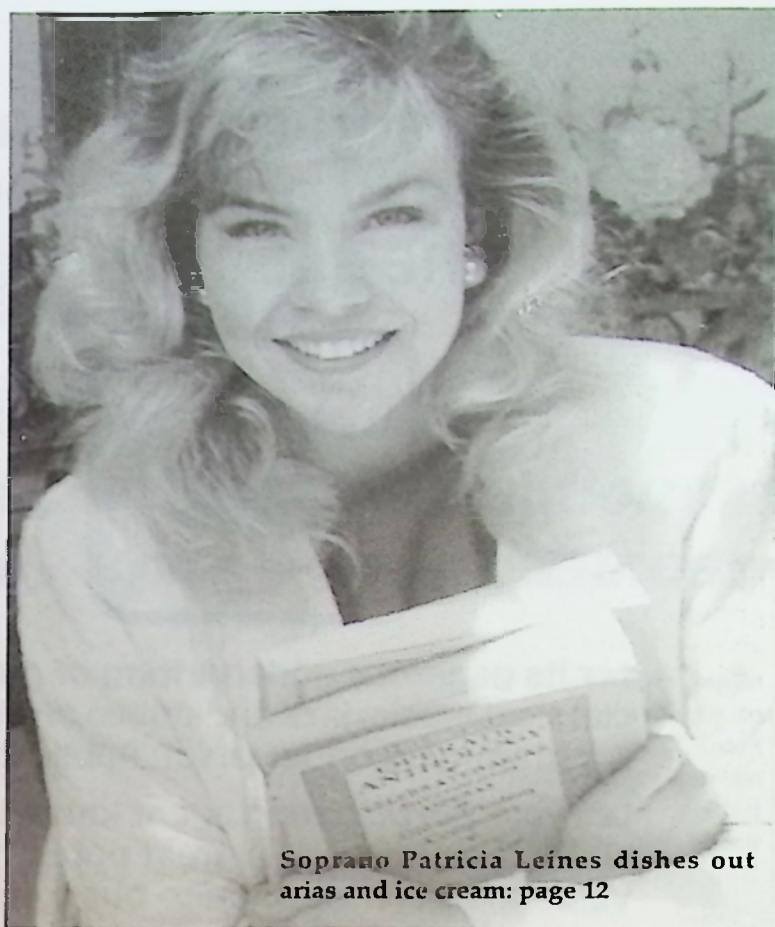
The clarinetist in the Mozart will be **Clement Hutchinson**, formerly principal clarinetist with the Santa Clara and San Jose philharmonics.

At the second concert in the festival, on Sept. 19, pianist **Edna Jameson** will play Brahms' Sonata in F Minor, Op. 5, Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau," Ravel's "Jeux d'eau," Chopin's Barcarolle, Op. 60, and Liszt's Hungarian Dance No. 12.

Jameson, who's performed at the festival since its inception, has concertized throughout the U.S., Europe, and Australia.

The third and final concert, on Sept. 26, features the **Lynn Sjolund Singers**, who'll perform songs by Haydn, Brahms, and Beethoven.

The vocalists will be accompanied by



Soprano Patricia Leines dishes out arias and ice cream: page 12

Jameson and violinist **Marilyn Hutchinson** and cellist **Stephen Cary**.

Admission to all the concerts is free, but donations will be cheerfully accepted.

BRING YOUR PEACE PIPE: For a firsthand taste of Native American culture, don't miss the third annual **Grants Pass Intertribal Powwow** on July 31 and Aug. 1 at the Josephine County Fairgrounds.

Grand entries are scheduled for 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. on Saturday, and for noon on Sunday.

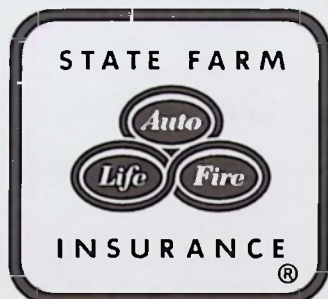
Sam Kurz, a local recording artist, will perform on the Native American flute, and vendors representing many western states will sell Native American crafts and food.

The powwow is open to the general public.

PARIS IS A MOVEABLE FEAST: If you can't make it to the Left Bank this summer, you'll find all the art you can handle at the second annual **Jacksonville Celebrates the Arts** festival on Aug. 27-29 on the grounds of the Jacksonville Museum.

The central event of the festival is a
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Participating Agent Profile

Tom Nelson
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Tom has lived in Medford for the past 30 years, 22 of which he's spent as a State Farm agent.

He and his wife, Phyllis, have been married for 33 years, and have two children, Tom and Amy.

Tom is a graduate of Washington State University. His hobbies include gardening, golf, and fishing. He's past president of the North Medford Lions and a member of the First Congregational Church of Medford.

Of his role as a State Farm agent, Tom says, "It's rewarding to work for a company that puts its policyholders first before any business decision is made. The



most satisfying part of my job is successfully helping people meet their insurance needs."

fine-art show and sale in which many types of media will be represented. There will also be a juried crafts fair featuring hand-crafted items.

Food and beverages will be on sale, too, and acoustic jazz and classical music will be performed continuously, on a stage on the museum grounds.

Maps will also be available for a tour of the studios of Jacksonville artists Katy Caulker, Bruce and Ann Butte, Elaine Witteveen, and Keith Johnson.

And let's not forget our favorite radio station. The festival will feature a silent auction that will run throughout the three days and benefit **Jefferson Public Radio**. (See story on page 25.)

An opening ceremony is set for noon on the 27th, featuring the **Sometimes Marching Band**, the **Briar Rose Ensemble**, and a jazz quartet.

On the 28th, country blues performers Mark Nelson and Mike Fridley will perform, along with the **Modern Prometheus Trio** and Irene Ferrera's **Tropical Band**.

On the 29th, there'll be lots more music.



EARN A THOUSAND BIG ONES: The Oregon Library Association Summer Reading Committee is inviting artists to submit work for the manual for its statewide 1994 summer reading program.

The theme is "Catch the Wave — Read," so artwork should focus on a sea creature of the artist's choice.

The deadline for submissions is Aug. 31, and the winner will get \$1,000.

For a complete list of guidelines, call Marian Vincent at 776-7286.



ONE MOZART WITH HOT FUDGE: Like opera? Like ice cream? Then make a bee-line for Cynthia Lord's house (710 Mountain Ave., Ashland), where at 7 p.m. on Aug. 1 the Rogue Opera Guild will present "Opera Sundae," an evening featuring both refreshing ice cream and soprano Patricia Leines.

Leines, a former Miss Junior Oregon and Miss Junior America, will sing arias by Donizetti, Mozart, Blitzstein, Nicolai, and Menotti, plus songs by Victor Herbert, George Gershwin, and Leonard Bernstein.

Tickets are \$15 (\$10 for students). For reservations, call 772-2819 or 552-6400.

Our town

In this first of a series of profiles of the region's small towns, we look at fractious Gold Hill, where everybody knows your business

GOLD HILL may be the only town of 1,000 souls in the country that has a plant named after it.

Jerry Black, owner of the Oregon Exotics Rare Fruit Nursery in Grants Pass, found the unidentified species growing in Gold Hill eight years ago and began propagating it and selling it under the name "O. Goldhillia."

No one familiar with the residents of what's perhaps the Rogue Valley's most prickly city will be surprised to hear that O. Goldhillia is a five-foot-high cactus.

In Gold Hill, just about anything is likely to touch off a political dispute. Only a few weeks ago, for instance, activist Christine Alford announced to the city council that she's started a society called "Proboscis 2000" to oppose the efforts of "Nazi garden groups." It seems some garden clubs, made up for the most part of recent emigres from California, have in their zeal to beautify Second Avenue, the city's main drag, been filing attractive-nuisance complaints against residences and businesses that don't meet their standards.

Alford explained to the council that the name Proboscis 2000 refers to the human nose "when it's extended beyond its normal vicinity." When she noted that her new society had already accumulated files on about 40 people,

another local activist, Fred O'Nan, demanded to know if any of the files covered her own house, which some have called an eyesore.

"I don't have time to clean up," Alford replied. "I work at [being a busybody] all day. We're a self-appointed solution-finding group. If we can get a free toilet and a map, Gold Hill will become a

incensed last month by a \$5 increase in his water bill that he's now seeking an injunction to stop the council from making any more financial decisions. The 77-year-old Merwin says he decided to go the injunction route because a recall would be too expensive and "wouldn't do any good."

One of the principal centers of political life in Gold Hill is the El Rogue Cafe on Second Avenue. Under the skilled management of Jerry and Mary Slover, for 18 years the El Rogue — a conspicuous anomaly in the age of fast food — has been satisfying the most demanding appetites with enormous portions of old-fashioned home cooking.

Cut to a recent Thursday at the restaurant. The special of the day is porkchops, and the hot topic du jour a prominent local couple who allegedly showed up very much under the influence of the grape at the city's Fourth of July festivities.

At a large table in the middle of the room, city clerk Kathy Caruso is talking with fellow municipal employees about the \$5 increase in water bills that angered Merwin. The increase was approved by the council a few months ago to underwrite repairs at the sewer plant ordered by the state Department of Environmental Quality. In November, the DEQ cited the city for a number of

**Says a local activist:
'If we can get a
free toilet, Gold Hill
will become a
destination resort'**

destination resort."

Moments later, O'Nan turned his guns on the police department, rebuking chief Katie Holmboe for "hiding" in her police car behind the local elementary school instead of making herself visible to discourage speeders.

"May I have my five minutes?" Holmboe indignantly asked the council. "How do you hide behind a chain-link fence?"

And so it goes in Gold Hill, where even the clergy isn't above a good scrap. The Rev. Ralph Merwin, for example, who led a successful recall against then-mayor Martha Newell in 1991, was so

BY BARBARA BAILY



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blue-eyed strawberry blonde with a southern accent who, when she was a Green Thumb worker, used to bake cakes for DeYoe's weekly staff meetings at city hall.

"I saw Summer at the Fourth of July fireworks, and I didn't recognize her, she's so big," Armstrong tells DeYoe. "She came over and gave me a big hug."

Summer is DeYoe's 13-year-old daughter, whom he's raising by himself.

"How's your dad?" city recorder Dotti Myers asks Caruso.

"He had another back surgery," Caruso says. "It's done and they took out the stitches, but, after it heals, he goes in for another one."

Armstrong mentions that Dolores Serafin, known around town as the "Weed Lady" because of the wildflowers she used to fill her house with, is back after moving to California.

"Dolores says Santa Barbara had changed so much," Armstrong says. "She went back because her son and daughter live there, but they have their own lives."

The talk then turns to the recent

resignation of city councilor Bob Patrick, and the vacancy it's created.

"A guy came into city hall and asked for a council application," Caruso says. "He was all dirty, and apologized that he'd been working in his yard."

DOROTHY EDLER, who resigned from the council herself last fall and works as a waitress at the El Rogue, is drinking coffee in a corner booth on her day off.

"I don't think Gold Hill is more cantankerous than other towns," she says. "It's just that everybody knows everybody else and what they're doing. You can choose to get really involved, or go with the flow. I quit the council because I had to work, not because I was unhappy with it."

Edler is sore at the council, though, for voting to allow a duplex to be built off the narrow alley that adjoins her house.

"They let that go through, and they're courting disaster," she says. "It'll only take one idiot driving out of there to hit a child or an animal. That decision violated their own code that prohibits alley access to homes. It irritates me the

council and planning commission make rules and don't follow them."

Still, Edler likes living in the city, and could care less that topless dancing is featured at the Long Branch Cardroom and Cafe down the street from the El Rogue.

"It doesn't bother me," she says. "Nobody makes me go in there."

She's more interested in talking about the ban on smoking that the El Rogue introduced in April.

"I think it's fantastic. It's going to be a thing of the future. Jerry is a real pioneer."

Jerry Slover takes a break from cooking to talk about his restaurant.

"This place reminds me of people years ago sitting around a cracker barrel with a lot of gossip," he says. "Almost everybody comes in here at one time or another. We have a plumbing inspector from Medford who comes in here five times a week, and people who come up from California on vacation always eat here."

Though he describes himself as "opinionated," Slover makes a point of staying out of politics.

"Once I agreed to put political posters up in my window," he explains, "and people called and said, Jerry, we won't eat there anymore. If you get involved in politics as a businessman, 50% of the

people won't like you."

Slover isn't optimistic about the future of restaurants like his.

"I think small businesses like ours are dinosaurs," he says, "and won't be economically feasible down the road. Eighteen years ago when we bought the El Rogue, we didn't have the Rogue Valley Mall, and there was no such thing as fast food for sale at every gas station."

Mary Slover, asked whether she ever finds it a problem working with her husband, shakes her blonde head vigorously.

"We've been doing restaurants together since 1971, and he's my best friend," she says. "I couldn't think about not working with Jerry."

DEYOE, WHO'S lived in the city for 20 years, is dressed in shorts, a T-shirt, and Birkenstocks. He also sports a ponytail fastened with blue elastic. After serving as mayor for two and a half years, he was elected to a seat on the council, then recalled in 1991, in a

**Edler could care less
that topless dancing
is featured at the
Long Branch saloon.
'Nobody makes me go
in there,' she says**

campaign led by Alford of the Proboscis society.

Recalls are as common in Gold Hill as snowstorms at Crater Lake.

"Back in the late '70s," DeYoe says, "there was a drive to recall mayor Gene Brown. Well, there used to be a lake where the post office is now, and someone put a boat in it, and a toilet in the boat. There was a sign on the boat that said 'USS Gold Hill,' and what was supposed to be the mayor's foot was sticking up out of the toilet. The foot had a sign on it, too. It said: 'If it's Brown, flush it.'"

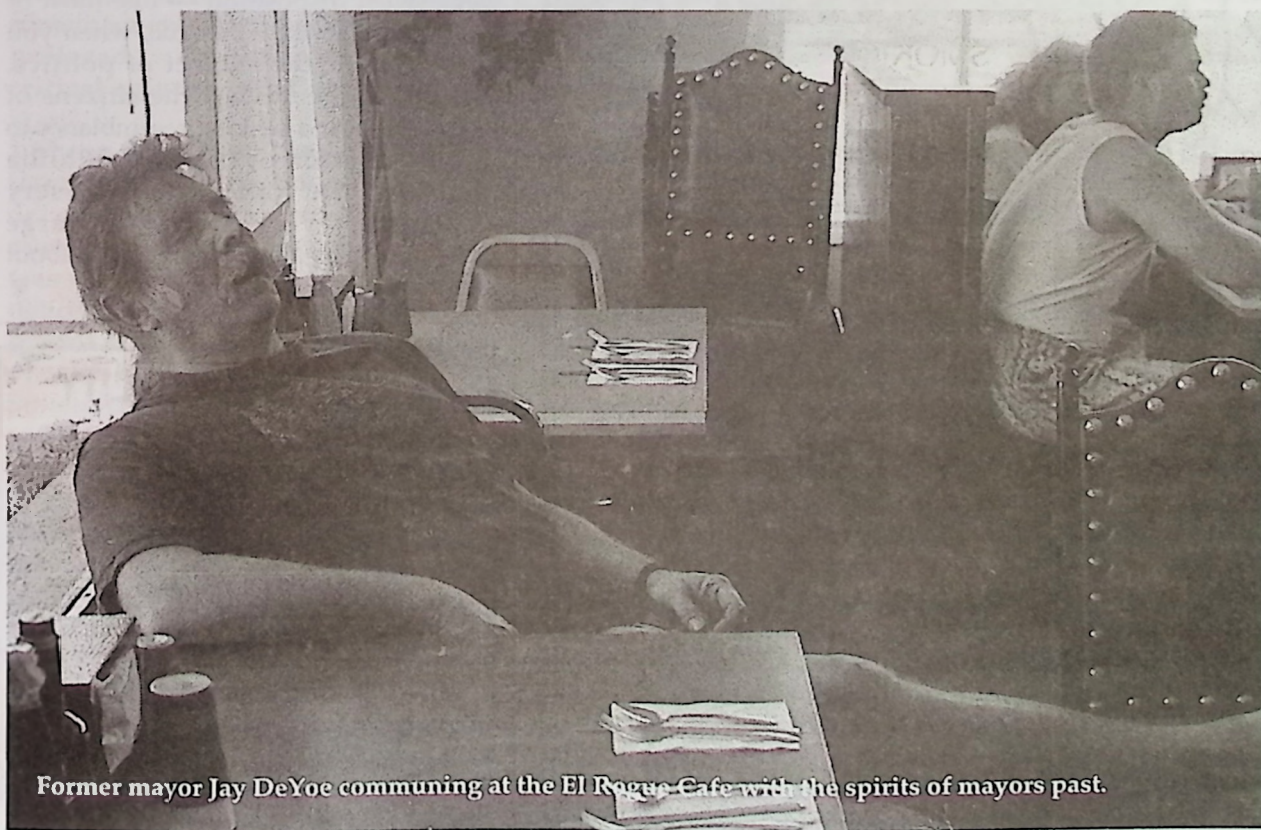
Brown, needless to say, was recalled.

"That toilet later went on to become the centerpiece of the 1983 Gold Dust Days float," DeYoe adds.

Gold Dust Days is the city's annual celebration of its gold-mining heritage.

The proprietor of a raft-rental shop in town, DeYoe is also the inventor of the Durt Bag, a mattress filled with Styrofoam peanuts that's used to navigate rivers. In honor of this nautical invention, the El Rogue's menu features, for \$6.95, a "Durt Bag burrito" stuffed with tomatoes, onions, peppers, cheese, and beans.

Though himself a refugee from southern California, DeYoe, as a fierce foe of development, is annoyed at the recent influx of Californians



Former mayor Jay DeYoe communing at the El Rogue Cafe with the spirits of mayors past.

who "think they want to live in a small town, and as soon as they get here start screaming for more police and fire protection, smoother streets, stoplights, and higher property values."

"When I first moved here," he says, "there were a lot of dogs running around town, and I realized the dogs had the good fortune to find Gold Hill before I did. There were a lot of potholes in the streets back then, too, and the city didn't have the money to fix them any more than it does now, so they spray-painted around them to show motorists where they were."

"The potholes were a good thing for the city, because they were like concave speed bumps that kept people from driving too fast in residential neighborhoods."

DeYoe thinks the public weal is definitely served by the fact that everyone in Gold Hill knows everyone else's business.

"Our sinful nature is congenital," he says, "but, in a small town, where you know everybody, it's easier to be good."

Notwithstanding his commitment to morality, the blackjack played in the

city's saloons, where social gaming is legal, and the topless dancing at the Long Branch leave DeYoe unperturbed.

"Some of my best friends are topless dancers, and two of my good friends own the Long Branch. It's true, though, that most of my friends who go to the churches think topless dancing is an abomination comparable only to being an Oregon legislator."

DeYoe's tenure as mayor was a colorful one, and during it he attracted national publicity for the city by selling bat guano to raise money for the police reserves, till thieves made off with the guano. A photo of him sniffing a bag of guano was carried by the Associated Press, and earned him a proposal of marriage from the postmistress of Newcastle, Texas. DeYoe remains, however, one of Gold Hill's most eligible bachelors.

The current city administration is a sore point with DeYoe, who once said he hoped to be mayor for 40 years.

"I think the mayor and council grossly mistreat the city employees. And not one of them up there at city hall has the character to admit they

made a bad mistake when they illegally terminated Chuck Williams. I predict Chuck will return to work, and their screwup will cost the taxpayers thousands of dollars."

The council fired Williams in proceedings marked by a number of violations of city and state personnel rules. Williams, an outspoken individual known for standing up to council members, is suing the city for \$30,000, back pay, and reinstatement. The trial is scheduled for October.

TRACY HARRELL, a young woman in her '20s, joins DeYoe at his table. Harrell, who's lived in Gold Hill for 18 years, was for a time the city's fire maintenance foreman and in effect its fire chief, though she wasn't qualified to enter a burning building. The council gave her the boot a couple of years ago, and she's still sore about it.

"What do I dislike about Gold Hill?" she says. "Where do I start? I think Gold Hill stinks like no other place. There's so much backbiting and gossip."

"Other districts should annex the fire and police departments, and we should disincorporate and get rid of city government. Then we might have a nice place to live."

Don't be deceived by Harrell's gruff remarks, though. In actuality, she has a very sweet disposition — like most of the patrons at the El Rogue, when you get them off the subject of politics. Indeed, in this respect the citizens of Gold Hill bear a striking resemblance to the description of the O. Goldhillia cactus in the Rare Fruits Nursery catalogue: "Very hardy and large growing. . . . Another nice thing about this variety: relatively few spines." ☛



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Trial by jury

A citizen discovers that it's not just felons who get punished by the judicial system

THOUGH THE mailman is one of the few government employees I usually have a kind word for, in my heart I've known for a long time that he can't be trusted either.

I first learned this lesson the hard way some 30 years ago, when Mr. Po-oh-ostman brought me, not a love letter, but an ominously long envelope that proved to contain an even longer notice prefaced with the hypocritical salutation: "Greetings!"

Those days were the last tranquil time in America — or so it seems to me in retrospect. After all, even as I was reading the contents of my draft notice, John F. Kennedy was about to be conned by the CIA into invading Cuba via the Bay of Pigs, and the United States Army, not to be outdone, was working on a plan to infiltrate Vietnam.

Since people hadn't yet begun to flee to Canada, the idea of voluntary exile never occurred to me. Instead, I pinned my hopes of remaining a civilian on the possibility that a member of my draft board might be a cynical survivor of a World War I poison-gas attack who'd take pity on my green youth.

Lots of luck. All I encountered at the draft board was a gaggle of female patriots who gushingly assured me what a great opportunity it was to go to

Fort Ord for a government-paid education.

For years after that, I was nervous about opening my mail.

Each new postal-rate increase struck me as a communist plot and, during the

I'm the person at the party who's always telling lawyer jokes. On the other hand, exile in Canada still isn't a viable alternative for me, so, after I'd ordered my traitor of a mailman off my property, I concluded I had no choice but to show up at the courthouse as bidden.

What I found when I got there was a crowd of some 60 or 70 people in a courtroom without enough seats to go around.

People of all ages were present, even babies, and some of the babies were crying, because, unlike adults, they're not embarrassed to admit it when

There were babies in the courtroom, and a few were crying, because, unlike adults, babies aren't embarrassed to admit it when they'd rather be someplace else

dark days of the Nixon administration, I even wrote a letter to the editor recommending that, since mailmen were already uniformed government employees, they should all be given guns and sent to Vietnam.

Time heals all, though, and the mailman and I had long since been back on a first-name basis when the son-of-a-gun socked it to me again.

This time, the blow came a few months ago in the form of a notice ordering me to report for jury duty.

Now both as a journalist and as a private citizen I've had a great deal of contact with the legal system, and the experience hasn't left me with a good impression. Or, to put it another way,

they'd rather be someplace else.

The court clerk kicked things off by apologizing for the lack of seats and delivering a pep talk about the importance of jury duty.

The talk reminded me of the old movie in which John Wayne addresses the troops in roughly the following terms: "Men, it's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it to keep America free."

It also reminded me that the only reason Wayne made so many war movies is that he beat the draft in 1942 and didn't have to leave Hollywood till they reopened the Riviera to tourists.

In any case, the court clerk went on to explain to us that, as jurors, we'd be

paid \$10 a day for our work — a statement that turned out not to be true. For one thing, you get the alleged \$10 whether you leave after five minutes or stay all day. And for another thing — but I'll get to that later.

Following the clerk's address, the judge entered, and began instructing us in our duties, which consisted primarily — or so I got the impression from his remarks — of convicting all defendants.

All defendants, the judge seemed to be saying, are guilty, and will be so found by juries, if the judges and the lawyers do their job properly.

By this time, I was jumping up and down in the seat I'd evicted a teary-eyed two-year-old from. Having dealt with many a lawyer who did his job anything but properly, I was curious to know what the judge thought of the fact that the Oregon State Bar has so far this year suspended 19 lawyers.

Instead of recognizing me, the judge prudently proceeded to ask if any of us had a good reason for not being able to serve.

When several of the young mothers with weeping infants said they couldn't get or afford baby-sitters, the judge

merely shrugged and allowed as how he was confident they could find sitters, if they really put their minds to it.

It was obvious he himself made more than \$10 a day, never baby-sat children and, above all, was used to being right.

Other prospective jurors explained they did the kind of work for which they wouldn't get paid if they didn't show up.

That seemed like a pretty compelling argument to me, but it only caused the judge to speak wistfully of the many times he and his colleagues had tried unsuccessfully to get jurors' pay raised, while their own pay was steadily mounting.

One man said he had religious objections to sitting on a jury and, in his case, a compromise was reached. He agreed to come in when called, hang around the courthouse till told to go home, and not collect the alleged \$10 honorarium.

And that was all that happened the first day. After that, the system worked as follows.

On Monday night, I'd call the court

and listen to a taped voice read off numbers. If the number assigned me was read, at the end of the tape I'd give my name to the machine, presumably so I could be prosecuted if I failed to show up on Tuesday morning to be shut up with 23 other people in a room with 20 chairs.

Their excuse for sequestering us in this cruel manner was that the halls outside were full of lawyers and defendants, with whom we might fall in love if given the opportunity.

Personally, it seemed to me it should have been the other way around, and that the lawyers and defendants should have been shut up in the jury room, so the jurors could wander around the building in search of their alleged \$10 stipends. Though everybody on the court's payroll agreed that \$10 a day was an inadequate payment, I never got anything approaching that much. I don't know what everybody else got, but, about six or seven weeks later, I got a \$25 check, apparently for the month of April. And sometime after that, I received another \$25, apparently for May.

Frankly, I don't understand these figures. Has the state decided to pay jurors \$25 a month? Or is income tax being taken from those of us who cash the checks instead of keeping them for souvenirs? And, if the checks indeed are payment for work, what about the state minimum wage of \$4.85 an hour?

Unfortunately, I seemed to be the only person in the jury room interested in these and related philosophical questions.

Most of the women jurors over 40 were pursuing a literary education — or in any case they came with paperbacks in their purses and promptly buried their noses in them.

How times change. When I was first old enough for jury duty, the women carried bigger purses, and took knitting needles, not romance novels, out of them.

A few people, veterans of previous tours of jury duty, were willing to talk, but only about their previous tours. What they mostly wondered about was what had become of defendants against whom they'd returned guilty verdicts.

Once every half hour or so, a bailiff would poke his head in to make sure everyone was still breathing. It was explained to us that the reason we were

We are built of light

WE ARE built of light. We shy from this.
The isolation of acknowledgment is more than we can bear.

We share this secret that we cannot speak,
to each other or anyone. We kiss in corners
where it is dark, as if this might help.
We tell our dreams and pretend
all dreams are fictions. People like us
and have us over; we eat together and tell stories,
sometimes about the light of our past.
It is the past that circles in our minds,
that we touch and hold for fear
of that which is still light.

—Jonah Bornstein

Jonah Bornstein, editor of publications at Southern Oregon State College, is the author of a chapbook, *We Are Built of Light*.

being made to sit around so long — that is, if we'd been lucky enough to find chairs — was that the defense attorneys and the prosecutors were busy trying to cut deals.

It seems each morning starts out with three or four potential trials, but, as the time of a trial approaches, defendants — even those who aren't guilty — are apt to cop a plea, in hopes of getting a reduced sentence, or of escaping the costs of a trial.

One day, when a particularly obstinate defendant refused to budge from his insistence on his right to be judged by a jury of his peers, the prosecutor, who'd been trying to bluff him into copping a plea by frightening him with predictions that the jury was sure to convict him, dropped the charges just as the jury was to be empaneled.

And so we sat around — or stood around, as the case might be.

To distract my companions in suffering, I told them about the probate-court scandals in New York and California in the 1960s.

In New York, it was revealed that a bunch of judges, lawyers, and referees

had looted hundreds of millions of dollars from the dead. Dozens of lawyers and judges — protected for years by the state bar association — were involved in the scam.

In California, they had the same problem, with different wrinkles.

Probate referees were paid a percentage of the value of each estate they worked on, and the percentage was so high that widows and orphans were often left penniless, and the referees — if they didn't have to kick back too much money to the probate judges — could become millionaires in a single year.

So much for our judge's speech about how well the system works. The truth is that the system is rigged in favor of everyone but jurors and witnesses. Like jurors, witnesses also get summoned repeatedly to court, and suffer monetary loss while they wait around to testify at trials that may never come off.

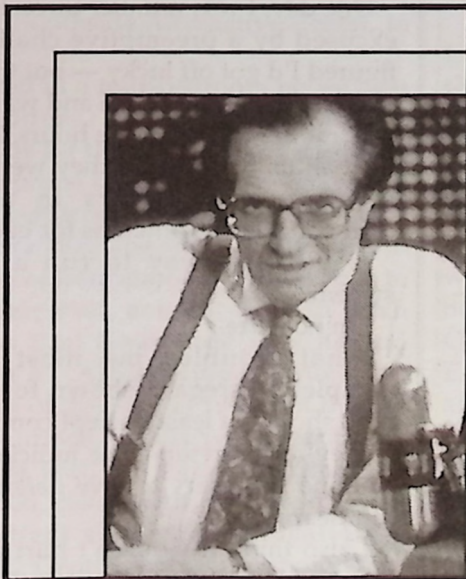
ON MOST Tuesdays, we jurors were free to leave by noon, if we weren't needed for a trial. This was a good thing, because the court provided no parking for jurors. If we got

tickets, the bailiffs warned us, we'd have to pay them.

Every now and then, the monotony of life in the jury room would be broken by a summons to the courtroom. That was a relief in more ways than one, because, as I've indicated above, there were often more of us in the jury room than chairs. Incidentally, whenever I belly-ached about this, and suggested that judges and lawyers should be forced to gather in chairless rooms, too, the other jurors would go out of their way to avoid me — as if they suspected the room was bugged and feared the consequences of association with so outspoken a felon.

In the courtroom, six or 12 of us would be chosen, apparently at random, to sit in the jury box. Most minor offenses could be judged by six jurors, and more severe crimes required 12. Defendants also had the option of being tried solely before a judge.

On the several occasions I sat in the courtroom, the judge would ask the potential jurors if there was any reason why they should be disqualified, then jump all over those who claimed to have a good excuse, keeping them sitting and



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exacting a promise from them to do their best to be impartial.

By contrast, the lawyers would examine the jurors in a leisurely way, and even joke around with them, before giving the boot to those they didn't like the look of by exercising preemptive challenges.

By means of a preemptive challenge, a lawyer can dismiss a juror for no other reason than that he doesn't want him on a jury. This makes jury selection into something akin to a game of cards in which the prosecution and the defense both get a chance to stack the deck. Naturally, the biggest cardsharp has the edge.

During one two-hour session in which a six-member jury was chosen, no fewer than nine jurors were rejected by the lawyers for both sides. I was keeping careful count because I was number 17 that day and, when we were finally dismissed, there was only one body between me and empanelment.

DURING MY time on jury duty, I never got to take part in a trial — and I wasn't particularly sorry. I agree it was my duty to serve, but I didn't think the lawyers had any right to cross-examine me after a judge had certified my impartiality.

One day, I was number three, but was excused by a preemptive challenge. I figured I'd got off lucky — but then had to come back after lunch and wait in the jury room for three more hours, because the bailiffs were afraid they were going to run out of jurors in another courtroom and wanted us for backup.

Is this any way to run a justice system?

I'm not sure.

What troubles me most is the complete disregard shown for jurors, who should at least be kept comfortable if they're to preserve the judicial frame of mind necessary to give defendants a fair hearing.

I also think it wouldn't hurt at all to give jurors some say over the court system. The people who run the system now may think they're doing a great job. But not everyone agrees. ☐

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Hard times at the school of hard knocks

What do you do when you have the best alternative-education program in the state? Scrap it — what else?

BY KATHLEEN F. DOYLE

FORMER STUDENTS who return to visit Fran Gentile often tell her they're surprised to be alive.

"A lot of our graduates say that, before they came to us, they thought they'd be dead by age 25," says Gentile, the longtime director of the Josephine County Southside Alternative Center, in Murphy.

Housed in a four-bedroom house next to Hidden Valley High School, Southside for the past 18 years has taken trouble-prone kids many of whom were on the fast track to jail and, in a sharp departure from the standard practice in alternative education, allowed them to run their own school — with such success that Southside was named Oregon's Alternative Education Program of the Year in 1991. But though Leon Fuhrman, an alternative-education specialist with the state Department of Education, calls Southside "the epitome of excellent alternative education in Oregon," Gentile has been put on notice by the Josephine County School District, which contributes most of Southside's funds, that the district will take over Southside after the next school year and — you guessed it — eliminate everything that's unique about it.

"The district has been clear with us that they aren't taking Southside over because they don't like what's been

happening here," Gentile says. "They say the reason for the takeover is that they want all three county alternative high schools to be 'consistent'."

To Gentile, however, "consistency" looks suspiciously like a euphemism for control by district officials.

"If they wanted to assure that the kids in the alternative schools were meeting the same basic curriculum goals," she says, "that would be reasonable. But to say they all have to meet them in the same way — that isn't alternative education. That's just a study hall."

What particularly troubles Gentile, who'll leave Southside in the fall to become president of the Portland-based Oregon Association for Alternatives in Education, is that, at the typical alternative high school, students are basically responsible for teaching themselves.

"We wouldn't take our best kids and ask them to learn that way, so why are we asking it of these kids?" Gentile says. "I have a master's degree, and I couldn't teach myself oceanography with just a book and a bunch of worksheets. I'd need somebody to get me interested, explain the finer points, and bring it alive."

When Gentile thinks about the students she's worked with over the years, she inevitably thinks about their

parents, too.

"The parents were often rougher than the kids, and they didn't feel they belonged anywhere either," she says, "but they felt they belonged at Southside. Parents would organize a meeting, and there'd be 15 motorcycles parked out in the driveway."

Gentile estimates that, if Southside reverts to the standard self-tutorial program, about 70% of its students will drop out and never complete high school.

"Someone should wake up and read the bottom line," she says. "According to the Center for At-Risk Youth at Oregon State University, 80% of all inmates in American prisons never completed high school."

But what is it exactly that makes Southside so different from the typical alternative high school?

"For one thing," Gentile says, "we don't spend time dealing with what's happened to the kids before. We take it from where they are now, and try to assure them they can make whatever they want of their lives. Figure out what you want to do, we tell them, and we'll figure out how to help you do it. Kids don't hear that kind of thing enough."

"We do a lot of history with public-TV videos," she continues. "We don't use a lot of textbooks. We do English with

everybody, and math with almost everybody. We also talk about racism, sexism, and bigotry."

At Southside, the student/teacher ratio is just ten to one. Three of the four staffers are full-time teachers, and the fourth spends part of the time teaching and part of the time administering the center.

SOUTHSIDE'S TEACHERS, as you might expect, are, like Gentile, fiercely dedicated, to the point where over the years they've taken big cuts in wages — 50% in one year alone — just to keep the center open.

"Our budget is based on what they pay at North Valley High School for one teacher and one aide," Gentile explains. "North Valley pays their teachers \$40,000 a year, and no one on our staff makes half that much."

Southside gets 75% of its budget from the school district, and raises the rest from private foundations.

"The district only wants to pay for education," Gentile says. "Education is all they do, essentially. Their priorities don't include social skills and conflict

management. But these are the kinds of things we feel are important.

"For example, in my conflict-management class, when I ask the kids how you resolve a conflict, the answer at the beginning of the year is usually: 'With a gun.' A lot of these kids carry guns in their cars, and it takes them awhile to understand it's possible to compromise and resolve conflicts so both parties feel satisfied.

"That's not the way things are done in their families, or in much of the world either, for that matter. What they see is, there's a top dog and a bottom dog, and they've been the bottom dog for a long time, and think they can only get to be top dog by violent means.

"We've had some major turnarounds in attitudes among these kids in showing them they can do things differently. We use them as mediators, and the kids who are trained mediate arguments or negotiate behavior contracts between others."

Southside is by no means the end of the educational line for its students.

"We've had kids go on to college and become something," Gentile says.



Fran Gentile

"Others have graduated from community college, or gone into business. There are many ways to define success. We're trying to teach them to be successful at living."

GENTILE IS afraid that, if the school district makes good on its plan to take over Southside, officials will stop accepting really high-risk kids.

"The chances are good these kids will have nothing then," she says. "That's why the coming year is so important. We've got to try to change the district's decision. Parents and former students need to come forward and let the district know there's no reason for this takeover."

Jan Boren, who teaches at Southside, agrees.

"We have an 18-year-old program that teaches empowerment," she says. "It's multi-dimensional, it accommodates different learning styles, and it tackles social issues. This sudden demand for 'consistency' in neatly packaged tutorials will severely reduce the diversity of alternative education in Oregon."

"If Southside changes," Gentile concludes by warning, "something will be lost, and the irony is that it's certain to be wanted again in a few years. The state, after all, is now advocating more individualized education plans, and they're going to find out we've been doing the right thing all along.

"That means they'll have to reinvent it, and that would be stupid. What we're doing is exactly what education should be."

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No log trucks here

At Jefferson Lumber, they mill wood without cutting a single tree

BY V.J. GIBSON

WHEN ERICA Carpenter and Richard McFarland not so long ago found themselves in need of a few timber beams to shore up the foundation of their handyman's special in Mt. Shasta, Calif., they had no idea they were about to enter on a new career.

Self-described "wood scroungers" who love working with wood and keep piles of it all over their house and yard, the two went in search of the beams they needed to an old sawmill in the process of being torn down — and discovered to their dismay that the demolition crew was bulldozing great quantities of lumber.

Inquiries elicited the explanation that the contractor was having the wood smashed as an alternative to taking it to a landfill, where it can often cost anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 to get rid of all the wood from a big commercial structure.

Erica and Richard looked at one another, realized that all that framing lumber and all those old doors and windows could be reused — and there and then the idea for a new business was born.

Today, Jefferson Lumber, as they decided to call their venture, looks like any other mill.

Wood is piled everywhere, forklifts shuttle it from pile to pile, and visitors find stacks of construction-grade lumber

in a variety of dimensions.

The only things visitors won't find are logs and log trucks, because Jefferson Lumber specializes in recycling wood, and mills thousands of board feet every month without cutting so much as a single tree.

At one side of the yard, a crew uses tools resembling nightmarish dental equipment to extract from the wood nails and other souvenirs of civilization

After they got their operation going, Erica and Richard became part of the West Coast Lumber Inspection Bureau, which has developed a grading system for recycled lumber. The affiliation is important, because builders have to use graded wood in construction, and because more and more environmentally conscious clients are asking their contractors to use recycled wood products.

The logless mill has also formed a natural alliance with solid-waste managers whose landfills are out of room, to promote the reuse of wood products.

Erica and Richard started off by using huge beams taken from turn-of-the-century sawmills that failed in the '80s and were being torn down.

The milling process at Jefferson Lumber is much the same as with timber from trees, except for an extra step. At one side of the yard, a crew uses tools like nightmare versions of dental equipment to extract from the wood nails, knife blades, bullets, and other souvenirs of civilization.

The mill's biggest customers at the moment are builders of timber-frame homes, but whole-house recyclers in Portland may soon become a source of smaller pieces for use in molding, flooring, and window-framing. One Portland company made a careful inventory when it demolished a house, and found

that 70% of the wood taken out was usable graded lumber.

Erica and Richard even have prospects for recycling the sawdust generated in the milling process, because mushroom farmers have apparently discovered that Douglas-fir sawdust is good for growing spores.

Erica and Richard grow more convinced every day that wood-product recycling can help bridge the gap between the big demand for quality lumber and the diminishing supply of dense, dry old growth.

They could prove to be shrewd judges of the market. According to forest economist Paul Eingher, the current high price of wood products is making small operations like Jefferson Lumber more and more feasible.

JUST THE FACTS

PUBLIC RADIO PROFILES

Liane Hansen

Name: Liane Kristine Hansen.

Nickname: A select few old friends call me "Angel."

Date of birth: September 29 (you figure out the year).

Place of birth: Worcester, Mass.

Job: Host, "Weekend Edition."

College: University of Hartford/Worcester State College.

Car: 1986 Honda Civic Wagon.

Instrument played: I tap-dance — so my feet!

Pet: Two cats.

Pet peeve: Tardiness.

Strangest job: Secretary in a screw-machine factory.

Personal hero: Millicent Fenwick.

Short-term goal: Make this week's show intelligent, meaningful, provocative, and fun

Long-term goal: Make next week's show intelligent, meaningful, provocative, and fun.

Proudest achievement: Getting to work on time every Sunday morning.

What you do better than anyone: Procrastinate.

Secret ambition: To appear in a Broadway musical.

Personal strength: Charm.

Personal weakness: Insecurity.

Current book: Patrick O'Brien's "Master and Commander" series.

Hobbies: Collecting cobalt and ruby glass; photography.

Relaxation: Old movies.

Famous people you'd invite to dinner: Lao-Tsu, Eleanor Powell, Edward Hopper, Helen Thomas.



Favorite book: *The Stars My Destination*, by Alfred Bester.

Author: Angela Carter.

Actor: Harvey Keitel.

Food: Boardwalk fries.

Spectator sport: Baseball.

Time of day: Dawn.

Singer: Joe Williams; Billie Holiday.

Recording: Copland's

Clarinet Concerto, with Benny Goodman.

Comic strip: Doonesbury; Calvin.

Article of clothing: Shawl I bought in Paris

Splurge: Shoes.

Magazine: *Spy*.

Movie: *Citizen Kane*.

Actress: Helen Mirren.

Color: Purple, rose, and blue.

Participant sport: Bowling.

Time of year: Spring.

Composer: Stephen Sondheim.

Earliest political memory: Kennedy's inauguration.

Most significant political event in lifetime: Persian Gulf War or Watergate.

Story you'd most like to have covered: The moon landing.

Best interview you've done: Jeremy Brett.

Person you'd most like to interview: Stephen Sondheim.

Favorite radio program: "Le Show" (when I hear it); "Weekend Edition."

Worst radio gaffe: Not on the air. I thought I was supposed to interview David McCulloch about the Johnstown flood, but his book was on the Panama Canal.

Most memorable radio moment: Nelson Mandela's release, live.

Most important radio influences: Stan Freberg, Jean Shepard, Noah Adams, Susan Stamberg.

Favorite place you've visited: Paris and Wales.

Place you hope to get to before you die: China.


Place you'd never return to: Tenerife airport.



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Artist donates work to benefit Jeff radio

Medford artist David Bjurstrom, widely known for his pencil portraits of the American west, has donated a drawing to the silent auction that will benefit Jefferson Public Radio during the "Jacksonville Celebrates the Arts" festival on Aug. 27-29.

The 14x18-inch drawing, titled "Anasazi Treasures," is valued at \$600.

Bjurstrom has won honors in prestigious shows from Montana to California, including best-of-show in the 1988 Northwest Territorial Art Show.

Born in Minnesota, he moved to Oregon with his family at age three.

"Although I suppose it's not really official," he says, "I feel like a native Oregonian. It's what's driven me to portray the west in my artwork. I've lived in many areas of the state, but I think my years in Klamath Falls really formed my love for western art."

While growing up in Klamath Falls, Bjurstrom went with his eighth-grade art class on a trip to the Favell Museum of Western Art.

"I remember that trip well," he says. "I'd just started to experiment with oil painting and, when I saw the beautiful artwork on display at the museum, I decided, probably naively, that I could do that, too."

"Of course I soon discovered there was a lot more to do than just pick up a brush and start painting. But I was lucky to have a very supportive family that always encouraged me."

Bjurstrom acknowledges that his decision to work primarily in pencil has been a risky one, because most people, in his view, don't give drawing the credit it's due.

"It's an uphill battle to have pencil drawing accepted as a legitimate art," he says, "but I've stuck it out, and collectors are beginning to realize that I'm here to stay."

Although recognition by collectors and fellow artists means a great deal to Bjurstrom, that's by no means the principal satisfaction he gets from his work.

"It means very much to me when children look at my work in awe and are inspired by it to draw or paint, just as I was inspired by the artwork I saw as a kid," he says. "It's a very special feeling. If I've been able to inspire even one or two young persons to discover their talent and express themselves through art, then I've made a lasting impression on the world."

For more details on this year's "Jacksonville Celebrates the Arts" festival, see Barbara Baily's column on page 11.



'Anasazi Treasures,' by David Bjurstrom



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How he got the Legion of Honor

SOME PEOPLE are born with a predominant instinct, with some vocation or desire that demands recognition as soon as they begin to speak or think.

Ever since he was a child, Monsieur Caillard had had only one idea in his head — to be decorated. When he was still quite a small boy, he used to wear a zinc Cross of the Legion of Honor on his tunic, as other children wear a soldier's cap, and he'd take his mother's hand in the street with a proud look, sticking out his chest with its red ribbon and metal star so they might show to advantage.

His studies weren't a success, and he failed his examination for the baccalaureate, so, not knowing what else to do, he married a pretty girl, since he had plenty of money of his own.

They lived in Paris, like many rich members of the middle class, mixing with their own set, without going among other people, and proud of knowing a Deputy, M. Rosselin, who might perhaps be a Minister some day, while two Chiefs of Division were among their friends.

But M. Caillard couldn't get rid of his one absorbing idea, and felt constantly unhappy because he didn't have the right to wear a little bit of colored ribbon in his buttonhole.

On the Boulevard, when he met any men who were decorated, he'd look at them askance, with intense jealousy. Sometimes, when he had nothing to do in

the afternoon, he'd count them, and say to himself: "Just let me see how many I meet between the Madeleine and the Rue Drouot."

Then he'd walk slowly, looking with a practiced eye at every coat for the little bit of red ribbon, and at the end of his walk he'd always say the numbers out loud. "Eight officers and seventeen knights. As many as that! It's stupid to scatter the Cross around like that. I wonder how many I'll meet going back?"

And he'd return slowly, unhappy whenever the crowd of passersby cut off his view of decorated lapels.

He knew the places where most of them were to be found. They swarmed in the Palais Royal. Fewer were seen in the Avenue de l'Opera than in the Rue de la Paix, while the right side of the Boulevard was more frequented by them than the left.

They also seemed to prefer certain cafes and theaters. Whenever he saw a group of white-haired old gentlemen standing together in the middle of the pavement, interfering with the traffic, he'd say to himself: "They're officers of the Legion of Honor," and he'd feel inclined to take off his hat.

He'd often remarked that the officers had a different bearing from mere knights. They carried their heads higher, and you felt they enjoyed greater official consideration, and a more widely extended importance.

At other times, the worthy man would be seized

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

with a furious hatred for everyone who was decorated; he'd feel like a Socialist toward them. Then, on getting home, as excited at meeting so many Crosses as a poor hungry wretch is on passing some shop full of delicacies, he'd ask in a loud voice:

"When will we get rid of this wretched government?"

And his wife would be surprised and ask: "What's the matter with you today?"

"I'm indignant at the injustice I see going on around us," he'd reply. "Oh! the Communards were certainly right!"

After dinner, he'd go out again and look at the shops where all the decorations were sold, and examine all the emblems of various shapes and colors. He'd have liked to possess them all, and to walk gravely at the head of a procession with his top hat under his arm and his breast covered with decorations, radiant as a star, amid a buzz of admiring whispers and a hum of respect. But, alas! he had no right to wear any decoration at all.

He used to say to himself: "It's really too difficult for any man to obtain the Legion of Honor unless he's some public functionary. Suppose I try to get appointed an officer of the Academy!"

But he didn't know how to proceed from there, and spoke on the subject to his wife, who was stupefied.

"Officer of the Academy! What have you done to deserve it?"

He got angry. "I know what I'm saying. I only need to know how to go about it. You're quite stupid at times."

She smiled. "You're right. I don't understand anything about it."

An idea struck him: "Suppose you were to speak to M. Rosselin, the Deputy. He might be able to advise me. You understand I can't broach the subject to him directly. It's rather difficult and delicate, but, coming from you, it might seem quite natural."

MME. CAILLARD did what he asked, and M. Rosselin promised to go to the Minister and see what he could do. Then Caillard began to pester him, till the Deputy told him he'd have to make a formal application and put forward his claims.

What were his claims? he asked himself. He wasn't

even a bachelor of arts. However, he set to work and drafted a pamphlet titled "The People's Right to Instruction," but he couldn't finish it, for want of ideas.

He sought for easier subjects, and began several essays in succession. The first was called "Instruction of Children by Means of the Eye." He wanted free theaters to be established for little children in every poor quarter of Paris. Their parents were to take them there when they were quite young and, by means of a magic-lantern, all the varieties of human knowledge were to be imparted to them. There were to be regular courses. The eye would educate the mind, while the pictures would remain impressed on the brain, and thus science would, so to speak, be made visible. What could be more simple than to teach universal history, natural history, geography, botany, zoology, anatomy, etc., etc., in this way?

He had his ideas printed in a tract, and sent a copy to each Deputy, ten to each Minister, fifty to the President of the Republic, and ten to each Parisian, and five to each provincial, newspaper.

Then he wrote on "Street Lending Libraries." His idea was to have little carts full of books drawn about the streets, like applecarts. Every householder or lodger would have a right to ten volumes a month, in return for a half-penny subscription.

"The people," M. Caillard said, "will only disturb themselves for the sake of their pleasures and, since they won't go to instruction, instruction must come to them," etc., etc.

HIS ESSAYS attracted no attention, but he sent in his application, and got the usual formal official reply. He thought himself sure of success, but nothing came of it.

So he made up his mind to apply in person. He begged for an interview with the Minister of Public Instruction, and was received by a young subordinate, already very grave and important, who kept touching the buttons of electric bells to summon ushers, footmen, and officials inferior to himself. He declared to M. Caillard that his affair was going on quite favorably, and advised him to continue his remarkable labors. So M. Caillard set to it again.

M. Rosselin, the Deputy, now seemed to take a great interest in his success, and gave him a lot of excellent,

practical advice. Rosselin was decorated, although nobody knew exactly what he'd done to deserve such a distinction.

He told Caillard what new studies he ought to undertake; introduced him to learned Societies that focused on particularly obscure points of science, in hopes of gaining credit and honors thereby; and even took him under his wing at the Ministry.

One afternoon, when Rosselin came to lunch at his friend's (for several months past he'd constantly taken his meals there), he said to him in a whisper as he shook hands: "I've just obtained a great favor for you. The Committee on Historical Works is going to entrust you with a commission. There are some researches to be done in the various libraries in France."

Caillard was so delighted he could scarcely eat or drink and, a week later, he set out. He went from town to town, studying catalogues and rummaging in lofts full of dusty volumes, and was a bore to all the librarians.

ONE DAY, happening to be in Rouen, he thought he'd like to embrace his wife, whom he hadn't seen for more than a week, so he took the nine-o'clock train, which would get him home by midnight.

He had his latchkey, so he went in without making any noise, delighted at the idea of the surprise he was going to give her. She'd locked herself in. How tiresome! However, he cried out through the door:

"Jeanne, it's me."

She must have been very frightened, for he heard her jump out of bed and speak to herself, as if in a dream. Then she went to her dressing room, opened and closed the door, and walked quickly up and down barefoot two or three times, shaking the furniture till the vases and glasses rattled. Then at last she asked:

"Is that you, Alexandre?"

"Yes, yes," he replied. "Hurry up and open the door."

As soon as she'd done so, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming:

"Oh! what a fright! What a surprise! What a pleasure!"

He began to undress, methodically, as he did every-

thing, and from a chair he took his overcoat, which he was in the habit of hanging up in the hall. But, suddenly, he remained motionless, struck dumb with astonishment. There was a red ribbon in the button-hole!

"Why," he stammered, "this — this — this overcoat has got the rosette in it!"

In a second, his wife threw herself on him and, taking the coat from his hands, said:

"No! You've made a mistake. Give it to me." But he still held it by one of the sleeves, without letting go, repeating, in a half-dazed manner:

"Why? Just explain. Whose overcoat is it? It's can't be mine — it's got the Legion of Honor on it."

She tried to take it from him, terrified, and hardly able to say: "Listen. Give it to me. I mustn't tell you. It's a secret. Listen to me."

But he grew angry, and turned pale: "I want to know how this overcoat got here. It doesn't belong to me."

Then she almost screamed at him: "Yes, it does. Listen. Swear to me. I — well — you're decorated."

She was in earnest. There was no doubt about it.

He was so overcome he let the overcoat fall, and dropped into an armchair.

"I'm — you say I'm — decorated?"

"Yes, but it's a secret, a great secret."

She put the glorious garment into a cupboard, and came to her husband pale and trembling.

"Yes," she continued, "it's a new overcoat I've had made for you. But I swore I wouldn't breathe a word, because it won't be officially announced for a month or six weeks, and you weren't supposed to know till you got back from your business trip. M. Rosselin managed it for you."

"Rosselin!" he contrived to utter in his joy. "He obtained the decoration for me? He — oh!"

And he was obliged to drink a glass of water.

A little piece of white paper had fallen to the floor out of the pocket of the overcoat. Caillard picked it up. It was a visiting card, and he read aloud:

"Rosselin — Deputy."

"You see how it is," said his wife.

He almost cried with joy and, a week later, it was announced in the "Journal Officiel" that M. Caillard had been awarded the Legion of Honor, on account of his exceptional services.

LETTER FROM LONDON

HUGH HARRIS

All the usual stuff

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1993. The British Broadcasting Corporation has been in the news lately because, according to a newspaper investigation team, there's considerable evidence to support claims that a member of the corporation's staff has been accepting large bribes, free holidays, and all the usual stuff. This person is in the contracting side of things, largely in connection with such matters as cleaning and building maintenance.

This is approximately the alleged scam. In the run-up to general all-over privatization, the BBC has been taking on more and more private contractors to do work that originally would have been done by BBC employees. The manager of all this has been gradually starting new companies to tender for (and get) the contracts as they've come up for grabs.

Where he hasn't been able to put in his own company, he's been accepting bribes instead, and it's possible he's been given shares in companies that have tendered.

I wonder if he gets free meals in the BBC canteen?

Though his employment contract, like any other contract of its kind, is bound to forbid share-holding or other interests in firms that tender for work, it's a very simple and almost legal scam that hardly requires any more explanation at the moment, except that allegations cover all the usual things, like free cars, holidays, hotels, and meals at the BBC's (i.e. the taxpayers') expense. It's remarkable how little it takes to please some people.

Predictably, there was a lot of champagne involved. Champagne always seems to come into the activities of those on the seedier side of life.

What worries me now is that this end of term I tendered for a transport and installation contract from the adult college where I lecture. Am I in some way in breach of a regulation? Perhaps it's lucky I didn't get the contract,



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because this week I find that the Council that's in effect the proprietor of my college is being investigated by the Fraud Squad over allegations concerning millions of pounds in contracts that were put out to tender, or that should have been put out to tender but weren't.

What's unusual about this is that this is a Conservative (Tory) council and not a Labor one. Usually, one finds that it's a Labor council when this happens. In fact, have you ever heard the expression: "I wouldn't vote Labor for every fiddle in Southwark"? It doesn't, of course, mean the type of fiddle you play so much as the type of fiddle you pocket.

It's very difficult to know why it should nearly always be Labor in these cases, but it may be due to the fact that often Labor is elected in Third World-type boroughs, and that in such situations there's a lot more desperation about money than in the other type.

I happen to live in Southwark, and if I were asked to comment on the way they do things, I'd have almost nothing to say in their favor — and they'd have nothing to say in mine. I've got the wrong accent, for a start. My accent suggests I'm a Tory, which is sufficient to bring into force every prejudice they can muster, and has cost me an arm and a leg over the past 12 years.

If I tell you the Council pays my tenant's (very low) rent by bank transfer, and that there's been at least one occasion when the payslip has come to me but the payment hasn't shown on my bank statement; and if I tell you that a lift contract was awarded to a very substantially more expensive (by millions) firm that turned out to have as one of its directors one of the Council's engineers — I'm sure you'll grasp this kind of thing. Maybe Southwark will try to blame the bank over the tenant's rent when it comes to the crunch. Since banks are just as bad, they might succeed.

As most people who receive these kinds of rent payments probably don't check, it's quite likely someone is minting it. After all, with a huge rent payout like that, you could just take one payment from each of hundreds of accounts per annum and not be noticed.

Interestingly, I lived in Bromley for

the previous eight years, and they were, from my own point of view, pretty much the ideal borough. Before that, I lived in Lambeth (Third World Labor again), and they were the most negative borough I have any experience of — but at the time I think I was too young to understand why.

I now think I do. It's quite simple. I have the wrong accent, I like to direct my own life, I like to work for myself, and I like to try to teach others around me the arts of independence. Stalin wouldn't have liked that.

Interestingly, there's another borough along the road that's not dissimilar to Lambeth or Southwark, called Wandsworth, and they've managed to return a Tory council for some years now. I'm not sure how they're doing.

Many years ago, I used to get small transport contracts from the social-services department in Wandsworth, but I think they were probably Labor then. And I suspect I might have got them because I thought I was Labor then. Now I just don't think any politicians are okay, so that it's a question of the least of so many evils.

SELF-ESTEEM IS a scarce and valuable commodity.

We all have some, but sometimes it's quite difficult to generate enough to keep on going. In fact, it may be that most of us go at about half-steam because we don't properly believe in ourselves. It's almost invariably an unnecessary state of affairs to feel like this, but that's how we tend to go on until we see it properly.

Have you ever heard someone say something about your life, intending it to be helpful, and thought it to be a confirmation that you aren't "any good"? You won't be at all alone if you have.

Thus, although I never wash my car as a matter of policy, if someone remarks on its filthiness, I could take it as a bit of humor, a compliment ("greenness," you see), or a criticism — untidy mind, chaotic life, etc.

The untidy-mind bit doesn't work too well on me, because I don't mind the idea of having an untidy mind or a chaotic life, but many people would.

Then, in addition to my interpretation, there's the question of their motivation for saying what they say. Is it a put-down, banter, or just a friendly passing of the time of day?

I buy quite a lot of timber at our local woodyard, so the people there know me quite well. There's a young black man there who's extremely helpful and friendly, and I always try to get his help if I can because I know he'll serve me fairly and can understand the timber requirements for the particular job I'm doing.

On several occasions, he's asked me if he can work for me and learn woodwork. I've always declined because I'm not even getting enough to live on myself and he has what looks like a reasonably secure job.

But the other day we talked about his coming to my classes in September, and he made the mistake of telling the others! I walked into the office and they all started ragging him with the predictable stuff: "I did woodwork once, you know. We used to sand a piece of board and call it a breadboard," etc., etc.

I let this go on for a bit, then I said: "No. We make things." That shut them up, but it didn't help them much. And perhaps it didn't help my friend much.

What they were doing, of course, was letting their own lack of self-esteem get the better of them. If he goes and learns to do something, he'll be "better" than they are, and they'll feel even more inferior than school and possibly their families have taught them to feel. The reality is that they're not particularly inferior at all. But they don't know it.

He disappeared to serve another customer, and as I came out of the office he looked at me pretty dejectedly. I should have tried to explain what I thought they were doing, but I was in a hurry and I hadn't really thought it through.

That was the end of last week. When I went in on Monday he wasn't there. I hope it wasn't that bad, but it could have been.

The problem is that they're all doing it to each other. They've presumably been brought up to think you must win at everything, and at the same time they've been brought up to believe they can't win anything much, so they're not going to let anyone else near them succeed at anything because it makes them feel too inadequate. So they all put each other down.

And that helps to keep everyone in their particular place in the "class" system.

Christopher Hood, the South Wales writer, has pointed out to me that this is almost a universal characteristic in his area, and that in point of fact anyone who says: "Well, I don't care what you think, I'm doing it anyway," ends up being admired for his nerve. Maybe that's how he keeps on writing.

I just hope my friend turns up, and I hope he can manage to become really good at woodwork and still go on talking to the rest of them. That might remove some of their fear.

THEY'RE FREE. The two sisters who were convicted by withheld evidence and the press of the murder of the wife of the alleged lover of one of them appeared on the front page of my paper flanked by a collection of uniformed persons. The two girls looked as if they really knew how pathetically corrupt our "just society" can be.

I sympathize with them, and would like to do more. All I can do more, of course, is express my contempt of the way it was all done — and one must assume done to further the careers of a selection of people who perhaps ought not to progress anywhere, and who couldn't, in a just society.

To me (because of my own age, no doubt) they looked young enough still to be at school, although knowing how authority behaves, as they must by now, I don't think they could reasonably be expected to find that a compliment.

The nature of their appeal case is by now a fairly familiar one. The prosecution withheld evidence that was crucial to their defense, the police didn't follow up clues that pointed in any other direction, the newspapers published enough uncorroborated evidence to convict them, and no doubt the jury read the papers.

And I'm tempted to say the judge probably knew what he thought before the hearing started — but I can't read his mind.

The appeal judge in his summing up blamed the police, the newspapers, and anyone else available except the lawyers who advised the police and acted on their behalf, thus demonstrating his contempt for the lot of us. The main thing is, of course, to maintain a status quo that's virtually unbreakable and to maintain the well-paid jobs for the boys. You'd need to be invited to join his club.

The public may think that things are going to get better because one or two lawyers at the moment are managing to get cases looked at properly, but it's almost certainly true that these few lawyers are being followed up from behind by another lot of the type that came before them — that is, those that don't care what the facts are as long as they further their career by winning their case.

You advance quicker by winning, and the quicker you win, the quicker you get to the next match. You may also please the referee better if you're a regular winner. Or you may be a regular winner because the referee likes you.

Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, is expected to approve a longer baton for policemen.



Father knows best

Antony and Cleopatra, by William Shakespeare. At the Oregon Shakespeare Festival through Oct. 2. *Lips Together, Teeth Apart*, by Terrence McNally. At the OSF through Sept. 12.

LIVING WITH my father wasn't conducive to a love of Shakespeare. An English professor, he taught the Bard to midwestern college boys, and directed them in plays, for over 30 years. His idea of fun was to sit in the living room and follow along in the text as he listened to recordings of Gielgud and Olivier as Lear and Hamlet. Our family vacations consisted of jaunts across the continent to one Shakespeare festival or another, after which I'd stumble out into the cold dark night cramped and cranky from sleeping fitfully through the last hour.

But if the productions my father dragged me to were anything like the Oregon Shakespeare Festival's *Antony and Cleopatra*, I can begin to understand my father's obsession. From the first scene, when a dashing Antony and a

sensuous, exotic Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, burst onto the stage, I was on the edge of my seat.

The plot, of course, is tangled with intricate political alliances, Caesar's ruthless machinations, and various historical skirmishes, intrigues, and counterplots — but leave all *that* to the professors. The love story of Antony and Cleopatra is so charged with energy and just plain *lust* that it whisks us away from mundane concerns exactly as it whisks them.

It's hard to take your eyes off Megan Cole's sexy Cleopatra. Demanding, arrogant, besotted with Antony, she has some of the funniest lines in the play as she cajoles, teases, and caresses her lover.

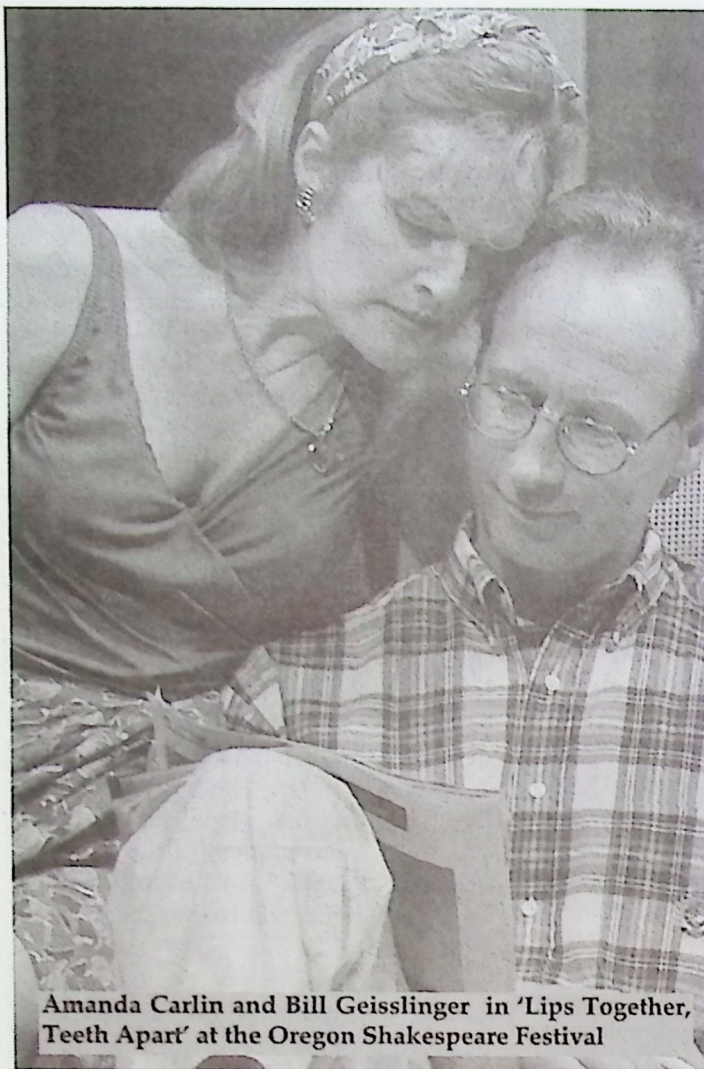
Antony, played by Henry Woronicz (the Festival's artistic director), seems reluctantly aware that harm may come of dallying with this queen, but, as the delightful Enobarbus (Dennis Robertson) says of her, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale/her infinite variety . . . she makes hungry/where most she satisfies." And Antony, unable to resist her attractions, damns the consequences.

With the many scene changes in this simply staged production signalled by pounding drumbeats, the play never drags (if you're a grownup), but drives relentlessly toward its inevitable conclusion, in which Antony, defeated in battle by Caesar, finally commits suicide.

Cleopatra, of course, will never submit to Caesar. She takes the famous poisonous asp to her bosom and, dressed in gorgeous robes and crown and accompanied by her faithful women, follows Antony into an afterlife we know will be physical as well as spiritual.

LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART takes practice, like patting your head as you rub your stomach — but it's no party game. A dentist's suggestion for preventing nocturnal teeth-grinding, it's also a shorthand description of the way we get through the late 20th century: only with conscious attention can we avoid being ground down to nubs.

The two married couples in this play are spending the Fourth of July weekend together — and they're not



Amanda Carlin and Bill Geisslinger in 'Lips Together, Teeth Apart' at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival

having fun yet. All four spouses are isolated in their own individual fears and griefs, troubles they can't, or don't dare to, reveal to each other.

Sally Truman (Linda Alper) is a painter who sees the world around her in terms of the losses she's suffered. It's her first time back at the beach house left to her by her brother, who's died of AIDS. She's also pregnant, but she's had a number of miscarriages and won't let herself hope this time.

Her husband Sam (Tony DeBruno), who owns a shaky construction company, is terrified that the gay men around him will get too close.

Chloe Haddock (Amanda Carlin), Sam's older sister, holds her world together with a lifeline of maddeningly cheerful chatter and endless servings of food and drink. Her one interest outside her family is singing in light musicals (even *Carousel* is a bit on the heavy side for her).

Finally, Chloe's self-centered, unemotional husband John (Bill Geisslinger) has been diagnosed with

terminal cancer, and he sees his recent romance with Sally as a last chance to reach a deeper level of intimacy with another person. But he learns over the weekend that the affair is over for good.

These four have been plucked out of their safe everyday milieus and popped into an unfamiliar, even threatening setting: Fire Island, a predominantly gay community rife with sexuality and devastated by AIDS. Add the irritating radios and unwanted attentions of people living too close together to their more familiar concerns — cancer, children, miscarriage, bankruptcy, insanity — and what you get is a *No Exit* for the '90s; sit

back and watch the fun.

And it is fun. Terrence McNally has given his characters some hilarious lines, and we groan at Chloe's inanities, Sam's homophobia, and everyone's fear of contracting AIDS by swimming in the pool. But just when we're on the verge of dismissing these characters for their shallow selfishness, they reveal, to us and each other, how deeply they're disturbed, how difficult it is for them to get through each day, and how very hard they're trying to stay afloat.

The whole awful vacation is an attempt at intimacy in which you can almost hear the characters chanting to themselves, "Lips together, teeth apart," as they try to survive without tearing one another to pieces.

By the end of the weekend, their defenses worn down, each of them stands exposed before the others, and what they see, and what we see too, is a truth we're always fending off: that the desire for intimacy is fulfilled in unexpected ways. Love takes strange forms: it's not

always what we hoped for, and maybe not even good enough. But it's the best we can do.

Lips Together, Teeth Apart is the second of the Festival's plays this season to deal with characters whose lives have been changed by AIDS (Paula Vogel's *The Baltimore Waltz* was reviewed last month). McNally says he "can't imagine writing about America now and not dealing with AIDS," and as a New York playwright, it's clear why he'd say that: both the gay community he lives in and the world of the theater have been hit hard by the disease. But what does this have to do with us, here on the other side of the continent? Are these just bulletins from the front, reports on another world?

I don't think so. We turn to art, and perhaps especially to the theater, hoping for some insight into the human condition. And as we watch these characters doing their best to love each other, we begin to suspect that their experiences aren't so very different from ours. We also learn what McNally's characters reluctantly learn: that we're all in this together. Playwrights from Shakespeare to McNally have been writing chapters in the same continuing story, and the story is our own.



Moving Van

LIKE A VINE that adapts to many climates and spirals up to blend with other foliage, the distinctly American sound of the blues continues to influence and be interpreted by musicians from around the world.

Van Morrison, Ulster-born, grew up in Northern Ireland listening to John Lee Hooker, Leadbelly, Muddy Waters, and Sonny Boy Williamson. Did he ever dream that one day he'd craft blues classics of his own and end up collaborating with his heroes?

Morrison got off to an early start as a musician, perhaps because his parents were jazz and blues enthusiasts. He dropped out of school at 15 and joined a

band called the Monarchs, which was soon headlining at a rhythm-and-blues club in Belfast.

In 1964, Morrison formed a group called Them, which didn't get much attention at the time. But the group released several now near-legendary songs that reaffirmed the status of English R&B: "Baby, Please Don't Go," "Here Comes the Night," and "G-L-O-R-I-A." And now, on Morrison's latest recording, *Too Long in Exile* (Polydor), the memorably rousing "G-L-O-R-I-A" pops up nearly 30 years later, after many albums, a few hits ("Domino," "Brown Eyed Girl"), and some hard living.

Too Long in Exile follows closely on the heels of a double CD, *Hymns to the Silence*, and several "Best of" volumes. And, as on many of Morrison's recordings, the hard-luck stories are again in evidence. But *Too Long in Exile* is gritty and consistent, with Morrison showing, even after so many years, a raw freshness in singing his guts out, with soulful, heartfelt performances on the saxophone, guitar, and harmonica.

The feisty Morrison has shuttled between California and the U.K. over the years, and has had his share of record deals go sour. No doubt because of this experience, frustration, longing, and a sense of persecution all make themselves felt on the title track as well as on the angry "Big Time Operators," an attack on music-industry executives and their shady maneuverings. The guitar-playing of Ronnie Johnson burns deftly here and elsewhere, notably on a Brook Benton blues tune. Johnson's rhythm riffs are hypnotically beautiful.

Last year, Morrison showed up as background vocalist on singer Georgie Fame's *Cool Cat Blues*, which featured a knockout version of Morrison's "Moondance." Fame returns the favor this time out with interest with his playing of the Hammond organ — or should I say grooving: the touch of the Hammond B3 is perfectly suited here, it grooves and grooves and grooves. He's on nine of the fifteen tracks, and also sings backup.

The clear standout on the new release is the deliciously resurrected "G-L-O-R-I-A," with John Lee Hooker's gravelly vocal and funky guitar calling to and answering Morrison's passionate shouting of this classic. I call this cut delicious because the two are having

such a good time, with Hooker's sly grin presiding. It's easy to imagine the musicians and the engineers in the studio listening to a playback and squirming with delight. The cut is irresistibly danceable. There's something basic, primitive, and seductively simple here: the excitement mounting, the repetition of "feel, feel, feel," and the triumphant spelling "G-L-O-R-I-A." This can make you a believer in the resilience and power of rockin' rhythm and blues.

ELSEWHERE, MORRISON's mystical explorations and spiritual probings are reflected in the soft, lyrical richness of "In the Forest." And "Till We Get the Healing Done" continues his religious roaming, but rocks as Nicky Scott's bass and Paul Robinson's drums drive hard and punch the refrain through. The ethereal "Before the World" sets a poem of W.B. Yeats to music and has the liquid and light vibes and delicate recorder-playing of Teena Lyle. It's to Morrison's credit as a leader that he's again assembled a stellar group of little-known musicians, mostly from the U.K. Saxophonist Candy Dulfer records for a British label.

"The Lonesome Road" is a cheerful and upbeat melody, as is the playful instrumental "Close Enough for Jazz," with Morrison's perky acoustic guitar fusing with Johnson's electric. But when Morrison sings the stripped-down Doc Pomus song "Lonely Avenue," there's a searing desperation. He's lived on that street.

Though often bruised and bruising, Morrison has a unique sense of scat-singing fun that comes through on the Sonny Boy Williamson standard "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl," and the ballad "Moody's Mood for Love." "Schoolgirl" rollicks along with a couple of extra saxes that seriously honk down and deliver a smooth rhythm as Morrison growls his way through. "Mood for Love" has been approached by great vocalists over the years, notably Eddie Jefferson.

Ranging through moods of introspection and exuberance, musically funky, swinging and lyrical, *Too Long in Exile* brilliantly conveys Morrison's honesty and his experience.

Keith Henty is a host of *On Air*, on JPR's Rhythmic and News service.

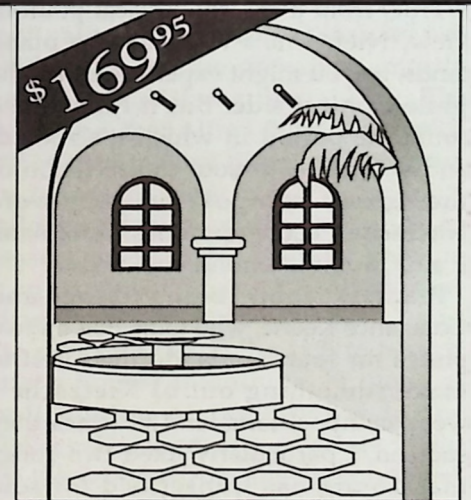
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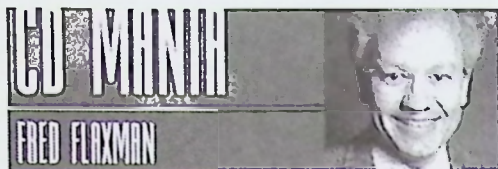
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NEEED A PERFECT gift for the music lover who has everything? Try the *Piano Music of Friedrich Nietzsche*. This recording of pieces by the great 19th-century German philosopher is a conversation-stopper if ever there was one.

True, from a strictly musical point of view, Nietzsche's work for the piano tends, as you might expect, to be on the philosophical side. But it reflects the romantic period in which it's rooted, and will increase your appreciation of the great composers who were Nietzsche's contemporaries. Schumann it ain't, but it'll remind you of him.

Pianists John Bell Young and Constance Keene, who joins Bell on two pieces for four hands, do their best to make something out of Nietzsche's weak compositions, and at times they succeed. I particularly liked two songs that Young has transcribed for solo piano, "From Childhood" and "Forever," both written in 1862. I also enjoyed "A Brook Goes By," another short, sweet, Schumannesque composition.

The CD concludes with an opus called — take a deep breath — "Echoes of New Year's Eve with Processional Song, Peasant Dance and the Pealing of Bells." At just over 15 minutes, this Liszt-like work is almost as long as its title, but, though it gets off to a rather dull start, it picks up considerably with the rhythmic peasant dance, before coming to a satisfying, serene conclusion.

Nietzsche, as is well known, loved music passionately. "Without music," the liner notes on this CD quote him as

saying, "life would be a mistake." Unfortunately, his own attempts at musical composition appear to have been regarded as a mistake by the great musicians of the day, including the famous conductor Hans von Bulow. At all events, when Nietzsche sent a copy of his "Manfred Meditation" to von Bulow, the latter responded by demanding bluntly: "Is this some kind of joke?"

After receiving this slap in the face, Nietzsche, instead of killing himself, decided to devote his creative energies to philosophy. The wisdom of his decision is indicated by the fact that Richard Wagner once left a private recital of Nietzsche's music in the middle, and was found, by another guest who followed him out, convulsed with laughter in the next room.

SPEAKING OF WAGNER, I'm embarrassed to admit I managed to grow up and get an education without once hearing that he wrote for the piano. And now, all of a sudden, there are no fewer than three CDs devoted to his piano music. *Wagner: Original Piano Works* features the American pianist Thomas Lorango. If Lorango doesn't satisfy your appetite, KOCH/Swann has released *The Complete Works for Piano* in two volumes, with Stephan Moller at the keyboard.

The liner notes accompanying both the Newport and KOCH recordings acknowledge, with commendable honesty, that Wagner's piano compositions — the product of his green youth — are "rarely great works in and of themselves," but rather "repositories of semi-digested early romanticism sprinkled with Mozart and Haydn [and] fascinating to listen to as such."

My sentiments exactly.

Like Nietzsche and Wagner, Ignacy Jan Paderewski didn't achieve great fame by writing music for the piano, but his Piano Concerto in A minor has considerable appeal all the same. Among the greatest of pianists, Paderewski was also a celebrated statesman, serving as prime minister of Poland after World War I. If you like the piano concertos of Grieg, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Chopin, or MacDowell, you're bound to like

Paderewski's A minor, though probably not as much. It's full of romantic melodies and pianistic bravura, and Thomas Tirino plays it well, together with another delightful composition of Paderewski's, the "Fantaisie Polonaise on Original Themes."

This CD, by the way, is described as all-digital, but it doesn't sound like it (though it's of acceptable quality). I've found, on the other hand, that Newport Classic releases that, unlike the Paderewski, list Lawrence Kraman as the engineer can be relied on for exceptional sound. Kraman is the male half of the affable husband-and-wife team in charge of this small but enterprising label. For a good example of his work, try *Romancing the Violin*, featuring the brilliant American violinist Eugene Fodor. This enchanting collection of violin bonbons includes pieces by Sarasate, Brahms, Wieniawski, Tchaikovsky, Gluck, Kreisler, Paganini, and Kroll.

Fodor, who's performed with nearly every major orchestra in the world, dazzled audiences in southern Oregon last season when he appeared with the Rogue Valley Symphony. For encores by him, get this CD. It's pure enjoyment.

BOOKS

When we were a couple of epopts

Dimboxes, Epopts, and Other Quidams, by David Grambs. Workman Publishing; 190 pages; \$5.95. *The Superior Person's Book of Words*, by Peter Bowler. David R. Godine, Publisher; 118 pages; \$5.95.

WE WORD BUFFS aren't all bookworms and sticklers with ears attuned only to violations of custom. No, in fact most of us are *syntones*, people who go with the flow and, like all *logodaedalists*, take pleasure in new and quirky words.

So when a book comes into our hands like David Grambs' list of words to describe "life's indescribable people,"

we syntones take to it with joy. After all, we're a bit *neoteric* ourselves, given to creating new words just for the fun of it.

Grambs titles his book *Dimboxes, Epopts, and Other Quidams*, and he arranges it in dictionary order, so we quickly discover that a *dimbox* is a sort of human peace pipe, a person who smooths disputes and encourages the contenders to kiss and make up.

An *epopt* is something else, one who's just learned a secret code such as a fraternity handshake or cultic ritual. And a *quidam* is a what's-er-name, an unknown, a nobody.

This book has more meat in it than Rich Hall's little book of *Sniglets*, those cute invented words that don't appear in any dictionary, but should. An example is *elbonics* — the art or science of competing for elbow space on the one armrest between two seats.

Most of the words in Grambs' book aren't coy inventions like sniglets. They're real words just beyond the borders of the average vocabulary. Many are from Latin, like *somniloquist*, one who talks in his sleep. More are from French, like *faux-naif*, which means false-innocent, one who pretends innocence but is really shrewd, like Lieutenant Colombo. And some are from Yiddish, like *nebbish* and *schlemiel*, words that most of us know just the way a Cal Tech student knows how to spell engineer — "because he are one."

STILL ANOTHER fountain of lingo is Peter Bowler's *Superior Person's Book of Words*. This collection will appeal to all who like to show off, who tend to *objurgate* their kids rather than chide or scold them. Here we can learn words like *parisology*, meaning the deliberate pursuit of ambiguity in the use of words. *Parisology* — and indeed Bowler's whole book, he says — is a means toward *charientism*, the use of carefully veiled insults.

The curious words I like best in these little books give names to the bizarre social attitudes that pop up like weeds around us these days. Such words help us pin those attitudes and behaviors down and stave off madness.

Infrunite is such a word. In Grambs' book, it's lightly tossed off to describe the *schlockmeister*, or purveyor of worthless trinkets and other trash. That person, Grambs says, is *infrunite* —

"lacking in good taste."

infruniteness, or *infrunite* — that lack of taste — engulfs us these days. We find it in the *schlockmeister's* plastic trinkets, in the blather of tabloid television, in the themes and poses of Madonna videos, in the dialogue of movies, in the tedious lyrics of popular songs, and in the "rap" of teens and their elder imitators. To get "with it," you have to be an *epopt*, in on the secret code — and utterly *infrunite*.

Today we're awash in the jetsam of an *infrunite* world. Treasuries of words like Grambs' and Bowler's give us a rich means of naming the tastelessness and seeing it for what it is.

Jetsam, by the way, isn't in either of these little books. It's a respectable word for what's jettisoned — thrown overboard to clear a ship of rubbish and lighten its load.

Our society is up to its gunwales in rubbish, including books enough to sink it. But these little books of curious words are far from *infrunite*. They may be fodder for *sciolists*, lovers of superficial knowledge. But we syntones, who love to flow with life and savor good fun, wouldn't willingly throw them over the side.

—Wen Smith

Heaven's a beach with a bookstore

LINCOLN CITY on the Oregon coast is the sort of seaside town that gives environmentalists the pip. If you like congestion, souvenirs manufactured in Singapore, and salt-water taffy that'll suck the fillings out of your molars, make your reservations now. With lobsters, Highway 101 in Lincoln City could be Route 1 in Maine; with a boardwalk, New Jersey. But the best thing about the place — apart from the fact that you never see a soul, let alone an environmentalist, on its wonderful windy beach — is that it has three decent bookstores, two specializing in used books and the third in remainders.

The remainder shop is my favorite. The last time I was in it, at the end of June, the manager handed me a piece of paper with a small rectangle printed on it and told me any book on the shelves I

could fit in the rectangle was mine for two bucks. True, about the only eligible books were Harlequin romances she was desperately trying to unload, but I outsmarted her by finding an Anchor paperback called *The Hidden Dimension*, appropriately enough about spatial relations. It looks to be very interesting and, though I'll probably never read it, it was half an inch longer than the Procrustean rectangle, and she didn't even notice.

Lucky me. Saved a buck — and promptly blew it on a Powerball ticket.

I was in Lincoln City at the end of June on vacation of course, so here are the remainderd and secondhand volumes I read on the beach, if anybody cares.

—*The Mismeasure of Man*, by Stephen Jay Gould. Like the photos of the notorious Kallikaks, which were doctored to make the family look stupid and vicious, IQ tests and *all* techniques for ranking intelligence, Gould demonstrates in this indispensable book, are a fraud, and measure, not intelligence, but the prejudices, mostly racial, of those doing the ranking. The sad thing is that Alfred Binet, the French half of the Stanford-Binet test by which we were all humiliated as school-children, designed the test, not to measure intelligence, which he knew to be an impossibility, but to identify slow learners, so they could be helped. Leave it to psychologists in the U.S. to pervert Binet's honest intentions, in quest of confirmation of their belief in the intellectual superiority of white males like themselves from the "respectable" parts of Europe. Naturally, they found what they were looking for — and a good deal more. Imagine their consternation when the hundreds of thousands of white recruits tested in World War I turned out on average to be borderline "morons," while 37% of all white recruits proved to be out-and-out "morons" (that is, with a mental age between eight and 12; there's a technical distinction, in case you didn't know, between idiots, imbeciles, and morons, with the first two categories reserved, needless to say, for book reviewers). The one consolation available to these disinterested "scientists" was that the "darker" whites from southern and eastern Europe were bigger "morons" than the "fairer" whites from northern

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Europe, while blacks were of course the biggest "morons" of all, with 89% of them testing in the "moron" category, very conveniently for the purposes of white officers in want of kitchen help. It's to these moronic tests, incidentally, that we owe the "moron" jokes once highly popular in the country and still to be encountered in aging collections of riddles for children — e.g., "Why did the moron jump off the top of the Empire State Building?" "He wanted to make a hit on Broadway," etc., etc.

—*Orwell: The Authorized Biography*, by Michael Shelden. Authorized biographies are usually worthless — little better than public relations for the dead — but this one is an exception, and the best of the Orwell biographies so far, if only because it succeeds in making a substantial figure of Orwell's hitherto shadowy first wife, who died tragically at 39 during a hysterectomy. A surprise is that, while Orwell was getting shot through the throat on the Aragon front during the Spanish Civil War, Mrs. O. appears to have been having an affair behind his back in Barcelona with Georges Kopp, one of the heroes of *Homage to Catalonia*. On the other hand, Orwell doesn't seem to have been faithful to her either, so it probably served him right. Orwell's second wife, by the way, whom he married on his deathbed, is likely to have proved an even bigger handful, if he'd lived to set up housekeeping with her. She used to make a point, for example, of spitting whenever she saw a nun, having been raised in a convent, obviously to no avail.

—*Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up*, by Bob Colacello. Of this very long memoir — purchased I hasten to add by my wife, not me, since books about celebrities are of course beneath my notice — I retain only the impression that it'd have been a good deal shorter if all the names dropped in it had been omitted. If you can't live without knowing what cosmetics were in Warhol's medicine chest at the time of his death, Colacello — a Long Island-bred groupie whom Warhol exploited shamelessly and once seriously advised to change his name to Royal Crown Cola — will save you from suicide.

—*The Cunning of History*, by Richard Rubinstein. The Dostoyevskyan thesis of this irritating little essay is that the Holocaust was the inevitable result of

the removal of God from the world by Judaism and Christianity. You can almost hear Kirilov chanting: "Now! Now! Now! Now!" before he blows his brains out. I personally have little use for theses, and find details much more illuminating, so I was fascinated to learn from Rubinstein that Rabbi Leo Baeck, the head of Germany's Jewish community, was at pains to pay his electric bill before reporting, on the Gestapo's orders, to the train to Theresienstadt.

—*Under God: Religion and American Politics*, by Garry Wills. Did you know cornflakes and graham crackers were products of the millenarian expectations in the 1850s of the Seventh-day Adventists, whose prophetess, Ellen White, made health food "sacramental" at her headquarters in Battle Creek, Michigan? This excellent book, which provides numerous such details in making its case that the separation of church and state is the best thing that ever happened to religion, may even change your mind about the Scopes monkey trial, in which William Jennings Bryan emerges, contrary to the caricature in the movies, as a heroic democrat at war with the social Darwinism of racists like H.L. Mencken. It's interesting, too, to compare Wills' sympathetic portrait of Jesse Jackson with the attack on Jackson by Arnold Forster of the Anti-Defamation League in Forster's undistinguished autobiography, *Square One*, which I also found remaindered in Lincoln Stinkin' City, as the kids, no environmentalists, fondly call it. I seem to remember glancing at a few other things during my two weeks in that blissful part of the world — some interesting essays by Leonard Schapiro on Russian radicals and a collection of Melville's short fiction — but like *Bartleby*, Melville's immortal scrivener, I'd prefer not to talk about them.

In closing, let me add that, while I was poisoning my brains with the above, my wife was plowing through half a dozen books on the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. I've never been able to understand her obsession with those two dweebs, but — as the politically correct have learned to say, doubtless from a post-graduate course in the language of bath towels — each to his or her own.

—Stephen Bailly

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Specials this Month

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE KSOR / KSRS

The NPR World of Opera returns this summer with an interesting series of performances recorded in the Netherlands, including Tchaikovsky's rarely performed opera *Charodeyka* on Aug. 14. The NPR World of Opera is heard on Saturdays at 10:30 a.m.

Rhythm & News Service KSMF / KSBA / KSKF / KAGI / KNCA

"Craven Street" is a historical docu-drama that follows Benjamin Franklin through the intrigues of his years in London. Produced by Yuri Razofsky, the series airs Wednesdays at 9 p.m., beginning Aug. 8.

News & Information Service KSJK

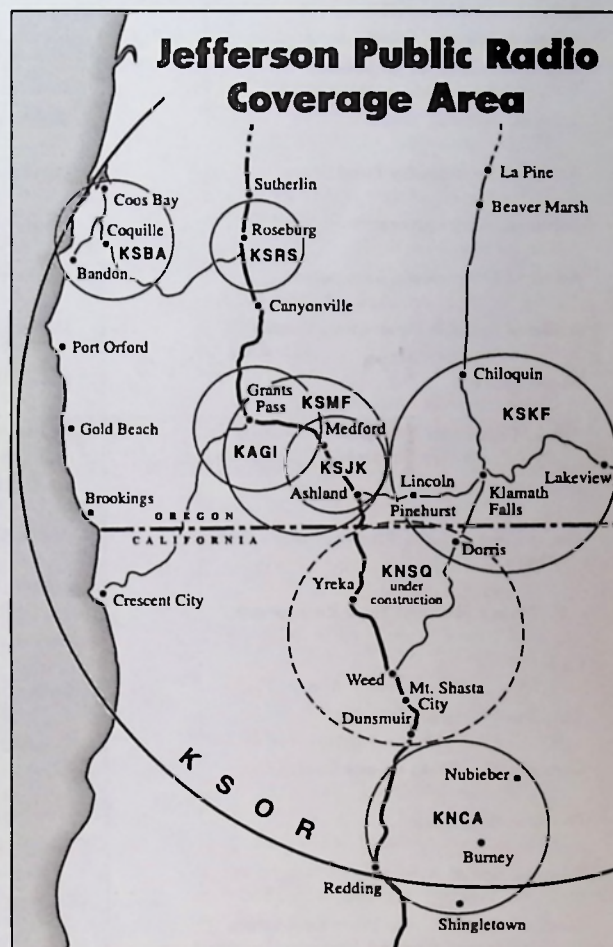
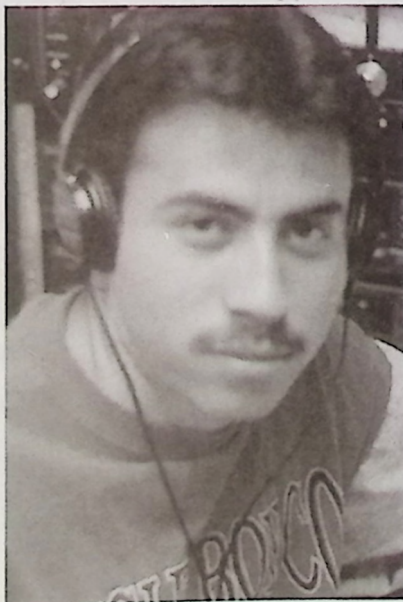
There are many changes in the schedule this month. Be sure to consult the listings for more information. One program of note is the BBC documentary series, "The World That Came in from the Cold," which gives historical perspectives of the Cold War from both sides of the Iron Curtain. The series airs at 10 a.m. on Saturdays, beginning Aug. 7.

VOLUNTEER PROFILE: CARLOS ALBERTO

A native of Mexico City who's lived in the U.S. for five years, Carlos Alberto is program director of Jefferson Public Radio's Spanish-language program, "El Sol Latino," which is heard on Sundays from 2 to 8 p.m. on KSJK.

Since being named to the post of program director, Carlos has dramatically increased the visibility of "El Sol Latino," both in the Hispanic community in the Rogue Valley and in the music industry. In fact, "El Sol Latino" has been profiled in a major national trade journal devoted to the U.S. Spanish-language music industry.

Carlos recently completely revamped the format of "El Sol Latino." The show, which is hosted by a loyal group of eight volunteers, now includes a wide variety of music, as well as cultural and news-related interviews of interest to the local Hispanic community. JPR salutes the hard work Carlos and the other volunteers have put into making "El Sol Latino" a success.



Dial Positions in Translator Communities

Bandon	91.7	Happy Camp	91.9
Big Bend, CA	91.3	Jacksonville	91.9
Brookings	91.1	Klamath Falls	90.5
Burney	90.9	Lakeview	89.5
Callahan	89.1	Langlois, Sixes	91.3
Camas Valley	88.7	LaPine, Beaver Marsh	89.1
Canyonville	91.9	Lincoln	88.7
Cave Junction	90.9	McCloud, Dunsmuir	88.3
Chiloquin	91.7	Merrill, Malin, Tulelake	91.9
Coquille	88.1	Port Orford	90.5
Coos Bay	89.1	Parts of Port Orford, Coquille	91.9
Crescent City	91.7	Redding	90.9
Dead Indian-Emigrant Lake	88.1	Roseburg	91.9
Ft. Jones, Etna	91.1	Sutherlin, Glide	89.3
Gasquet	89.1	Weed	89.5
Gold Beach	91.5	Yreka, Montague	91.5
Grants Pass	88.9		

CLASSICS & NEWS

KSOR 90.1 FM
ASHLAND

KSOR dial positions for translator communities
listed on previous page

KSRS 91.5 FM
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Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	4:30 Jefferson Daily	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
7:00 First Concert	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 First Concert	8:00 Millennium of Music
12:00 News	6:30 Marketplace	10:30 NPR World of Opera	9:30 St. Paul Sunday Morning
12:10 Siskiyou Music Hall	7:00 State Farm Music Hall	2:00 Chicago Symphony	11:00 Siskiyou Music Hall
4:00 All Things Considered	7:30 Ashland City Band	4:00 All Things Considered	2:00 Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra (begins July 11)
		5:00 America and the World	4:00 All Things Considered
		5:30 Pipedreams	5:00 State Farm Music Hall
		7:00 State Farm Music Hall	

Rhythm & News

KSMF 89.1 FM
ASHLAND

KSBA 88.5 FM
COOS BAY

KSKF 90.9 FM
KLAMATH FALLS

KAGI AM 930
GRANTS PASS

KNCA 89.7 FM
BURNLEY

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	Craven Street: Begins Aug. 8 (Wednesdays)	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
9:00 Open Air	Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursdays)	10:00 Car Talk	9:00 Jazz Sunday
3:00 Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz (Fridays)	Creole Gumbo Radio Show (Fridays)	11:00 Living on Earth	2:00 Jazzset
4:00 All Things Considered	9:30 Iowa Radio Project (Wednesdays)	11:30 Jazz Revisited	3:00 Confessin' the Blues
6:30 Jefferson Daily	Ken Nordine's Word Jazz (Thursdays)	12:00 Riverwalk: Live from the Landing	4:00 New Dimensions
7:00 Echoes	10:00 Jazz (Mon-Wed)	1:00 Afropop Worldwide	5:00 All Things Considered
9:00 Le Show (Mondays)	Jazzset (Thursdays)	2:00 World Beat Show	6:00 Folk Show
Selected Shorts (Tuesdays)	Vintage Jazz (Fridays)	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 Thistle & Shamrock
		6:00 Rhythm Revue	9:00 Music from the Hearts of Space
		8:00 Grateful Dead Hour	10:00 Possible Musics
		9:00 BluesStage	
		10:00 Blues Show	

News & Information

KSJK AM 1230
TALENT

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Monitoradio Early Edition	(Thursday)	6:00 Monitoradio Weekend	6:00 CBC Sunday Morning
5:50 Marketplace Morning Report	Software/Hardtalk (Friday)	7:00 BBC Newsdesk	9:00 BBC Newshour
6:50 JPR Local and Regional News	1:00 Monitoradio	7:30 Inside Europe	10:00 Sound Money
8:00 BBC Newshour	1:30 Pacifica News	8:00 Sound Money	11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge
9:00 Monitoradio	2:00 The Jefferson Exchange (Monday)	9:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 El Sol Latino
10:00 BBC Newshour	Monitoradio (Tuesday-Friday)	10:00 World That Came in from Cold	8:00 BBC World Service
11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge (Monday)	3:00 Marketplace	10:30 Talk of the Town	
The Parents Journal (Tuesday)	3:30 As It Happens	11:00 Zorba Pastor on Your Health	
Voices in the Family (Wednesday)	4:30 The Jefferson Daily	12:00 The Parents Journal	
New Dimensions (Thursday)	5:00 BBC Newshour	1:00 C-SPAN's Weekly Radio Journal	
Quirks and Quarks (Friday)	6:00 The Jefferson Daily	2:00 Commonwealth Club of California	
12:00 BBC Newsdesk	6:30 Marketplace	3:00 Second Thoughts	
12:30 Talk of the Town (Monday)	7:00 The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour	3:30 Second Opinions	
The American Reader (Tuesday)	8:00 BBC Newshour	4:00 BBC Newshour	
51 Percent (Wednesday)	9:00 Pacifica News	5:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge	
Milky Way Starlight Theater	9:30 BBC Newsdesk	8:00 BBC World Service	
	10:00 BBC World Service		

ANOTHER CHANCE TO DANCE

The most original, danceable music series on radio goes global.



Saturdays at 1pm
on the
Rhythm & News
Service

FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE

Monday - Friday

5:00-6:50 am • Morning Edition

The latest in-depth international and national news from National Public Radio, with host Bob Edwards.

6:50-7:00 am • JPR Morning News

Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00 am

Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts

12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson and Josephine County State Farm Insurance agents bring you classical music every night, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Saturday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and John Baxter. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

10:30-2:00pm • NPR World of Opera

Interesting series of operas recorded in the Netherlands, including a performance on Aug. 14 of

Tchaikovsky's rarely performed opera *Chareodeyka*.

2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

Weekly concerts featuring the CSO conducted by Music Director Daniel Barenboim as well as distinguished guest conductors.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest international and national news from NPR.

5:00-5:30pm • America and the World

Richard C. Hottelet hosts this weekly discussion of foreign affairs, produced by NPR.

5:30-7:00pm • Pipedreams

Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance Agents bring you classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Sunday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

8:00-9:30am • Millenium of Music

Robert Aubry Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

Exclusive chamber music performances produced for the public radio audience, featuring the world's finest soloists and ensembles. Bill McLaughlin hosts.

11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Thomas Price brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

2:00-4:00pm • The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

Christof Pevick assumes the post of director of the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra this year, and leads the orchestra in this 13-week series of concerts.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance agents present classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Program Highlights for July

* indicates composer's birthday

First Concert

- Aug 2 M RAVEL: String Quartet
Aug 3 T CHOPIN: Piano Concerto No. 1
Aug 4 W COPLAND: Billy the Kid
Aug 5 Th MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 4
("Italian")
Aug 6 F STRAVINSKY: Danses Concertantes
- Aug 9 M SUK: Piano Quartet
Aug 10 T RAVEL: *Le Tombeau de Couperin*
Aug 11 W SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 1
Aug 12 Th HUMMEL: Piano Concerto in B minor
Aug 13 F VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: A Lark
Ascending
- Aug 16 M MOZART: Oboe Concerto
Aug 17 T GRIEG: Holberg Suite
Aug 18 W BEETHOVEN: String Quartet, OP. 18,
No. 6
Aug 19 Th BARTOK: Piano Concerto No. 3
Aug 20 F C.P.E. BACH: Flute Concerto in A
minor
- Aug 23 M DVORAK: Symphonic Variations
Aug 24 T SHOSTAKOVICH: Piano Concerto No. 1
*Aug 25 W BERNSTEIN: Symphonic Dances from
West Side Story
Aug 26 Th STEVENS: Trumpet Sonata
Aug 27 F BIZET: Symphony in C
- Aug 30 M CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Guitar
Concerto No. 1
Aug 31 T BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonata No. 5

Siskiyou Music Hall

- Aug 2 M GRIEG: Norwegian Romance
Aug 3 T DVORAK: Violin Sonata
Aug 4 W BEETHOVEN: Piano Trio No. 2
Aug 5 Th GERSHWIN: Piano Concerto in F
Aug 6 F HAYDN: Symphony No. 88
- Aug 9 M BRAHMS: *Sielen Abendlieder*
Aug 10 T MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 21
Aug 11 W KODALY: Peacock Variations
Aug 12 Th RODRIGO: *Fantasia para un
gentilhombre*
Aug 13 F SCHUBERT: Sonata in D, D. 850
- Aug 16 M HOFFMEISTER: Concerto for Two
Clarinets
Aug 17 T STRAVINSKY: *Petrushka*
Aug 18 W SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 5
Aug 19 Th KORNGOLD: Piano Quartet
Aug 20 F HANDEL: *Water Music*
Aug 23 M DEBUSSY: String Quartet

- Aug 24 T POULENC: Piano Concerto
Aug 25 W MOZART: Symphony No. 25
Aug 26 Th RAFF: Symphony No. 10
Aug 27 F SAINT-SAENS: Piano Concerto No. 2

- Aug 30 M SCHUBERT: Piano Trio No. 2
Aug 31 T SHOSTAKOVICH: Symphony No. 9

Chicago Symphony

- Aug 7 Strauss: *Five Songs*; Schubert: Ballet
Music from *Rosamunde*; Op. 62; Wagner: Prelude
and Liebestode from *Tristan und Isolde*. James Levine,
conductor. Jessye Norman, soprano.
Aug 14 Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F, Op. 68
("Pastorale"); Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67.
Christian Thielemann, conductor.
Aug 21 M. Wagner: *Falling Angels* (world
premiere); Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 18 in B flat,
K. 456; Rimsky-Korsakov; *Scheherazade*, Op.
35. Daniel Barenboim, conductor and pianist.
Aug 28 Bartok: Four Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 12;
Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 5 in G, Op. 55;
Stravinsky: *The Firebird*. Pierre Boulez, conductor.
Dmitri Alexeev, piano.

Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

- Aug 1 Bach: The six Brandenburg Concerti. Iona
Brown, conductor.
Aug 8 Britten: *Simple Symphony*, Op. 4; Respighi,
Ancient Airs and Dances, Suite No. 3; Mozart:
Serenade No. 7 in D, K. 250 ("Haffner"). Iona Brown,
conductor.
Aug 15 Boccherini: Symphony in D minor ("La
Casa del diablo"); Cimarosa: Concerto in G for Two
Flutes and Orchestra; Vivaldi: *Concerto per SAR de
Sassonia*; Clementi: Symphony No. 2 in D. Claudio
Scimone, conductor. David Shostac, Susan
Greenberg, flutes.
Aug 22 Schreker: Chamber Symphony; Ravel:
Piano Concerto in G; Haydn: Symphony No. 104 in
D ("London"). Christof Perick, conductor. Pascal
Roge, piano.
Aug 29 Bach: Suite No. 4 in D, BWV 202; Suite
No. 3 in D, BWV 1068. Helmuth Rilling, conductor.
Ralph Morrison, violin. Allan Vogel, oboe. Janet
Payne, soprano.

St. Paul Sunday Morning

- Aug 1 The King's Singers. Miscellaneous works
by Schutz, Willaert, Sibelius, and others.
Aug 8 Joseph Swenson, violin; Jeffrey Kahane,
piano. Part: *Fratres*; Kenneth Frazelle:
Fiddler's Galaxy; Franck: Sonata in A;
Gershwin (arr. Kahane): "Summertime,"
"Putting on the Ritz."
Aug 15 Alan Feinberg, piano. Works by Ravel,
Gottschalk, Faure, Helps, and Chopin.
Aug 22 Minneapolis Guitar Quartet. Works by
Brouwer, Balada, Stravinsky, and Morel.
Aug 29 Anne-Marie McDermott, piano; Daniel
McKelway, clarinet; Christopher Costanza, cello.:
Mother Goose Suite; Berlioz: *Les Nuits d'ete*, Op. 7;

TUNE IN

GRATEFUL DEAD HOUR

Saturdays 8pm on Rhythm & News

TUNE IN

THE FOLK SHOW

Sundays 6pm on Rhythm & News

ECHOES

A DAILY
MUSIC
SOUNDSCAPE

Echoes is a
soundscape of
modern music.
Seamless,
shifting, flowing,
it bridges
new age,
minimalism,
space music,
new acoustic
music and world
fusion.

Weekdays
at 7pm
on the
Rhythm &
News Service

OPEN AIR

Tune-in to Jefferson Public

Radio's house blend of

jazz, contemporary, blues,

and new music. Join

Wynton Marsalis,

B.B. King,

The

Talking

Heads,

Ottmar Leibert, Ricky Lee

Jones, Bob Marley, Miles

Davis, Joni Mitchell, Pat

Metheny and others on a

musical journey that

crosses conventions.

JEFFERSON PUBLIC RADIO

Rhythm & News

Monday-Thursday

9am-4pm

Fridays 9am-3pm

Rhythm & News Service

Monday-Thursday

5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Bob Edwards.

9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music into an evening listening experience both challenging and relaxing.

9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Le Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly mix of music and very biting satire.

9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony Space, features some of this country's finest actors reading short stories.

9:00-9:30pm • Wed.: Craven Street

A historical docudrama about Ben Franklin's little-known early years in London. Produced by Yuri Razofski. Begins Aug. 8

9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, cultures and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

9:00-10:00pm • The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Jerry Embree serves up a spicy gumbo of music Louisiana, including soul and R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco.

10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-garde - a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to vintage jazz.

Saturday

6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

Noon-1:00pm • Riverwalk: Live from the Landing

Six months of classic jazz from the Landing in San Antonio, Texas, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band.

1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the availability of new and exciting forms of music. African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Middle East.

2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso, soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world music.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B and roots rock.

8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly endless archives of concert recordings by the legendary band.

9:00-10:00pm • BluesStage

There's nothing like a live blues band, and this NPR series travels the country to bring you both blues legends and hot new artists in club and concert performances.

10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt, Peter Gaulke and Lars Svendsgaard with the best in blues.

Sunday

6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

2:00-3:00pm • Jazzset

NPR's weekly program devoted to live jazz performances, hosted by jazz saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

8:00-9:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

9:00-10:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by Stephen Hill.

10:00-2:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

Program Highlights for July

Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

- Aug 6 Nadine Jansen
- Aug 13 Ralph Sutton
- Aug 20 James Williams
- Aug 27 Diane Schuur

AfroPop Worldwide

- Aug 7 Soneros Mayores: Beny More and Ismael Rivera
- Aug 14 Sub-Saharan Cassette Shopping
- Aug 21 Live Concert: Guests to be announced
- Aug 28 A Visit to New Orleans

New Dimensions

- Aug 1 Where Medicine Meets Art, with Rachel Naomi Remen, MD, and Marion Weber
- Aug 8 Consciousness, Evolution and Time, with Peter Russell

- Aug 15 Ritual, Astrology, Poetry: Doors to Understanding, with Antero Alli
- Aug 22 The Biology of Happiness, with Barry Neil Kaufman
- Aug 29 Exploring the Frontiers of Science, with Beverly Rubik

Confessin' the Blues

- Aug 1 Chicago Breakdown: The '60s
- Aug 8 Chicago Breakdown: The '70s
- Aug 15 Chicago Breakdown: The '80s
- Aug 22 Chicago Breakdown: The '90s
- Aug 29 Robert Johnson and Friends

Jazzset

- Aug 1 Eddie Marshall Quintet
- Aug 5, 8 Don Pullen
- Aug 12, 15 Terence Blanchard
- Aug 19, 22 Joe Henderson Quartet
- Aug 26, 29 Elvin Jones and the Jazz Machine

Thistle and Shamrock

- Aug 1 Live from the Highlands: the Battlefield Band
- Aug 8 Ireland: A Living Tradition
- Aug 15 William Jackson
- Aug 22 The Song's the Thing
- Aug 29 Celtic Discs

Blues Stage

- Aug 7 Best of the Season: Johnny Winter, Robert Ward
- Aug 14 Johnnie Johnson, the Holmes Brothers
- Aug 21 Solomon Burke, the J.B. Horns
- Aug 28 Carla Thomas, Mick Taylor, the Coupe de Villes

Riverwalk

- Aug 7 Mr. Jelly Lord: Jelly Roll Morton and His Red Hot Peppers
- Aug 14 If Beale Street Could Talk: The Life and Times of W.C. Handy
- Aug 21 Let's Dance Again: Music of Benny Goodman
- Aug 28 The Wild Fiddler from Philly: Joe Venuti's Jazz violin



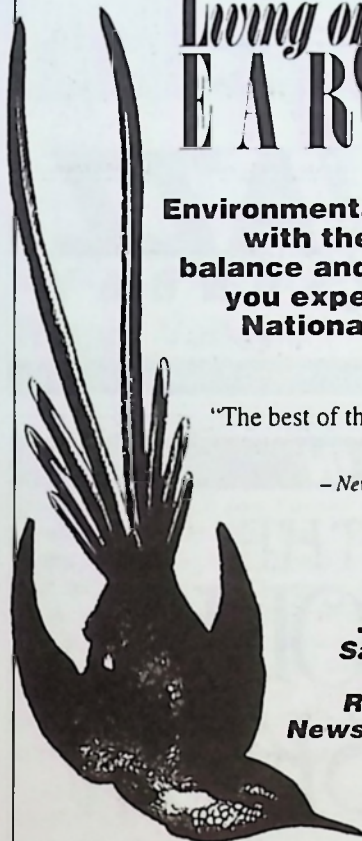
Marian McPartland of 'Piano Jazz'

Living on EARTH

Environmental news with the depth, balance and clarity you expect from National Public Radio.

"The best of the eco-radio programs."

— New Age Journal



**Saturdays at 11am
Rhythm & News Service**



with Felix Hernandez

Join BluesStage producer, Felix Hernandez, for two hours of great American music – roots rock, soul, and R & B.

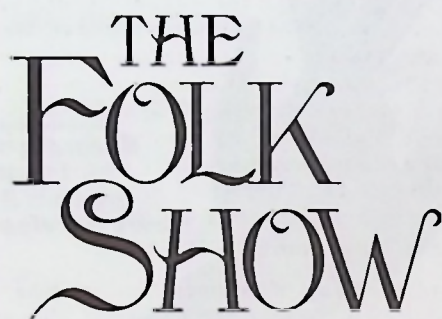
**Saturdays at 6pm
Rhythm & News**

TUNE IN



Sundays 9am on Rhythm & News

TUNE IN



Sundays 6am on Rhythm & News

roarsqueal
clickclack
tappatappa
ticktick
ee-ee-eee
car talk



Mixing wisecracks with muffler problems and word puzzles with wheel alignment, Tom & Ray Magliozzi take the fear out of car repair.

Saturdays at 10am on the Rhythm & News Service

Saturdays at 4pm on the News & Information Service

FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

News & Information Service

MONDAY-MONDAY

5:00-8:00am • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Includes:

5:50am • Marketplace Morning Report

6:50am • JPR Local and Regional News

8:00am-9:00am • BBC Newshour

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

9:00am-10:00 a.m. • Monitoradio

10:00am-11:00am • BBC Newshour

11:00am-Noon Monday • To the Best of Our Knowledge

11:00am-Noon Tuesday • The Parents Journal

11:00am-Noon Wednesday • Voices in the Family

Dan Gottlieb, a psychologist and family therapist, hosts this weekly program devoted to issues of mental and emotional health.

11:00am-Noon Thursday • New Dimensions

11:00am-Noon Friday • Quirks and Quarks

The CBC's award-winning science program.

12:00-12:30pm • BBC Newsdesk

The latest international news from the BBC World Service.

12:30pm-1:00pm Monday • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Tuesday • The American Reader

Interviews with authors of the latest books.

12:30pm-1:00pm Wednesday • 51 Percent

Features and interviews devoted to women's issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Thursday • The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins, and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, culture, and places that make up the human side of

astronomy.

12:30pm-1:00pm Friday • Software/Hardtalk

Computer expert John C. Dvorak demystifies the dizzying changes in the world of computers.

1:00pm-1:30pm • Monitorradio

The latest national and international news.

1:30pm-2:00pm • Pacifica News

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

2:00pm-3:00pm Monday • The Jefferson Exchange

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin, and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to southern Oregon.

2:00pm-3:00pm Tuesday-Friday • Monitoradio

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

3:30pm-5:00pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

3:00-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

3:30pm-5:00pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

4:30pm-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine with news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00pm-6:00pm • BBC Newshour

6:00pm-6:30pm • The Jefferson Daily

Local and regional news magazine produced by Jefferson Public Radio.

6:30pm-7:00pm • Marketplace

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00pm program.

7:00pm-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

8:00pm-9:00pm • BBC Newshour

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

9:00pm-9:30pm • Pacifica News

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.

9:30pm-10:00pm • BBC Newsdesk

10:00pm-11:00pm • BBC World Service

Saturday

6:00am-7:00am • Monitoradio Weekend

7:00am-7:30am • BBC Newsdesk

7:30am-8:00am • Inside Europe

A weekly survey of European news produced by Radio Deutsche Welle in Cologne, Germany.

8:00am-9:00am • Sound Money

Bob Potter hosts this weekly program of financial advice. (Repeats Sunday at 10:00am.)

9:00am-10:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00am-10:30am • The World That Came in from the Cold

This BBC documentary provides a history of the Cold War from both sides of the Iron Curtain.

10:30am-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 12:30pm.)

11:00am-12:00 Noon • Zorba Paster on Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, MD, hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

12:00pm-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine, and child development for helpful advice to parents.

1:00pm-2:00pm • C-SPAN'S Weekly Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public-affairs network.

200pm-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club of California

Lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public-affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's

non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Second Thoughts

David Horowitz hosts this weekly program of interviews and commentary from a conservative perspective.

3:30pm-4:00pm • Second Opinions

Erwin Knoll, editor of The Progressive magazine, with a program interviews from a left perspective.

4:00pm-5:00pm • BBC Newshour

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

5:00pm-8:00pm • To the Best of our Knowledge

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture, and events.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

Sunday

6:00am-9:00am • CBC Sunday Morning

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

9:00-11:00am • Sound Money

10:00-11:00am • Sound Money

11:00am-2:00pm • To the Best of Our Knowledge

Interviews and features about contemporary political, economic, and cultural issues, produced by Wisconsin Public Radio.

2:00pm-8:00pm • El Sol Latino

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - *en espanol*.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service

DID YOU KNOW?

80% of public radio's listeners hold a more positive image of companies that support public radio.

ARTS SCENE
MICHELLE SMALL, EDITOR

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. August 15 is the deadline for the October issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

Rogue Valley

Theater

•In its 58th season, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival has scheduled the following plays: Richard III (through Oct. 31); A Flea in Her Ear (through Oct. 31); Joe Turner's Come and Gone (Sept. 16-Oct. 30); Lips Together, Teeth Apart (through Sept. 12); The Illusion (through Oct. 30); Antony and Cleopatra (through Oct. 2); A Midsummer Night's Dream (through Oct. 3); The White Devil (through Oct. 1); Mad Forest (through Oct. 30); The Baltimore Waltz (through Oct. 31). For information on membership, or to receive a brochure on the current season, call (503) 482-2111.

•Little Shop of Horrors. Musical-comedy thriller. 8:30 nightly, except Tuesdays, through Sept. 18. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine Streets, Ashland. 503-488-2902.

•The Madwoman of Chaillot, presented by the Actors' Theatre of Ashland, is being held over through Sept. 4. For more information, contact the Minshall Playhouse, 101 Talent Ave., Talent. 503-482-9659.

•Huckleberry Finn is being presented by the Actors' Theatre of Ashland through Sept. 6. Advance tickets: \$8.50 adults, \$5 kids under 12. All seats \$1 more at door. The Minshall Playhouse, 101 Talent Ave., Talent. 503-482-9659.

•You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown. Presented by the Rogue Music Theatre at the Rogue Community College outdoor amphitheater in Grants Pass. Aug. 1-8. For ticket information and special rates, call 503-479-2559.

•Step on a Crack will be presented by the Cygnet Theatre Group in the Old Ashland Armory from Aug. 18 through Sept. 11. For time and ticket, information, call 503-488-2945.

Music

•The 1993 Britt Festival continues in Jacksonville, with performances of classical music featuring the Britt Orchestra under the direction of Peter Bay. Aug. 1, 8 p.m.: Corey Cerovsek, violin. Aug. 2, 8 p.m.: The Empire Brass. Aug. 6 and 8, 8 p.m.: Oleg Volkov, piano. Aug. 7 and 9, 8 p.m.: Nancy Allen, harp. Aug. 10, 8 p.m.: Cavani String Quartet with Sherry Kloss, violin. Aug. 13 and 15, 8 p.m.: Rogue Valley Chorale. Aug. 14 and 16, 8 p.m.: Jeffrey Kahane, piano. Serendipity Sundays Aug. 1, 8, and 15, 9:30 a.m.: Continental

champagne breakfast and concert. *Folk festival*: Aug. 20, 7 p.m.: Dougie MacLean, John Gorka, Paul Urbana Jones. Aug. 21, 7:30 p.m.: Los Lobos, Tish Hinojosa. Aug. 22, 7:30 p.m.: Grover Washington Jr., Hearing Voices. *Dance festival*: Aug. 27-28, 8 p.m.: The Parsons Dance Company. Aug. 29-30, 8 p.m.: Urban Bush Women. *Arts training*: Aug. 1-6, Academy Orchestra. Aug. 8-13: Chamber Strings Academy. Aug. 28: Britt Dance Academy. Ticket prices range from \$8 for children up to \$24, depending on the performance. For ticket information, call 503-773-6077 or 1-800-882-7488.

•The Rogue Opera Guild presents *Opera Sundae*. Enjoy ice cream and arias on Aug. 1 at 6:30 p.m. at the home of Cynthia Lord, 710 Mountain Ave., Ashland. Soprano Patricia Leines will perform arias and songs. Tickets: \$15 (\$10 for students). For more information, call 503-552-6400 or 772-2819.

•Utah Phillips will give a concert at the Unitarian Church in Ashland on Aug. 14, at 8 p.m. For ticket information, call 503-488-1561.

•Lyle Lovett and his Large Band will perform at 6 p.m. on Aug. 15 and Emmylou Harris and the Nash Ramblers with Riders in the Sky will perform on Aug. 16 at 7 p.m. at Emigrant Lake, just south of Ashland on Hwy. 66. Proceeds benefit Headwaters and the Rogue Institute for Ecology and Economy. For ticket information, call 503-488-4432.

•The Ashland City Band performs on Thursday evenings through Aug. 12 at 7:30 p.m. in the Butler Band Shell. Admission is free. For more information, call the Ashland Chamber of Commerce at 503-482-3486.

•Concerts in the Park. Aug. 3, 6:30 p.m.: Herb Vallee and His Orchestra, from the big-band era. Aug. 10, 6:30 p.m.: Foxfire, an evening of bluegrass. Aug. 17, 6:30 p.m.: Back Street, rhythm and blues. Riverside Park, Grants Pass.

Exhibits

•Selections from the permanent collection are on display through August at the Schneider Museum of Art. This diverse collection includes original prints, contemporary paintings, and 200 Native American baskets and ceremonial objects. Museum hours: 11-5 Tuesday through Friday, and 1-5 Saturday. Schneider Museum of Art, Southern Oregon State College, Siskiyou Boulevard and Indiana Street, Ashland. 503-552-6245.

•"Figurated Medicine: A Homage to Courage," paintings by Robert Emory Johnson. Opens Aug. 4 and runs through the month, with a reception on Aug. 6 at 5 p.m. Gallery hours: 10-6 Monday through Sunday. 4th Street Garden Gallery & Cafe, 265 4th Street, Ashland. 503-488-6263

•Ceramic sculpture by Richard Fox and mixed media paintings by Teresa Long-Shostrom through Aug. 14. Copper painting by Marie Baxter and sculpture and painting by Judy Howard from Aug. 14 through Sept. 3. Hanson Howard Gallery, 82 N. Main Street, Ashland. 503-488-2562

•Matriarchs of Oregon Architecture. Aug. 6-27. The Wiseman Gallery, Rogue Community College, 3345 Redwood Hwy., Grants Pass. 503-

479-5541.

•The Ashland Chamber of Commerce lists several exhibits for the month, including the Swedenburg Resource Center (488-1341), the Explorer's Wall Gallery (488-0333), "The Gallery Wall" at Ashland Camera (482-8743), the Key of C Coffee House (488-5012), the Framery (482-1983), the American Indian Art Gallery (488-2731), and the History Center in Medford (773-6536).

•"Images from Nature Made," presented by the Rogue Valley Art Association, features artists Christopher Burkett and Christian Burchard from Aug. 6 through Sept. 8. Reception Aug. 6 at 5 p.m. Rogue Gallery, 40 South Bartlett, Medford. 503-772-8118.

Other events

•Medford Growers and Crafters Market. In Ashland on Water St., under the Lithia Way overpass; every Tuesday; 8:30 a.m.-1:30.

•Judy Morris Advanced Watercolor Workshop. Aug. 9-13, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Individual instruction, guidance, and evaluation included with lectures. Cost: \$195 members, \$215 non-members. The Gallery Shop, Rogue Gallery, 40 South Bartlett Street, Medford. 503-772-8118.

•A photography and nature-notebook workshop will be offered by the Rogue Valley Art Association on Aug. 17-19, with instructors Kent Clinkinbeard and Nancy Jo Mullen. For students 9-11 years old. \$50 fee includes disposable camera and field notebook. Rogue Gallery, 40 South Bartlett Road, Medford. 503-772-8118.

•Ruth Schubert's Experimental Watercolor Workshop will be presented by the Rogue Valley Art Association on Aug. 23-26. For beginning and advanced students. Cost: \$125 members, \$145 non-members. Rogue Gallery, 40 South Bartlett Road, Medford. 503-772-8118.

•Ashland's Marketplace, an open-air arts-and-crafts fair, is held weekends through August at two locations. For more information, call 503-535-7126.

Klamath Basin

Theater

•Robin Hood: The Musical. Aug. 20-21; 7:30 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 children. The Ross Ragland Theater, 218 North 7th St., Klamath Falls. 503-884-0651.

Music

•The Everly Brothers will be presented in concert by the Ross Ragland Theater on Aug. 18 at 8 p.m. at the Klamath County Fairgrounds. Tickets are \$20. For more information, call 503-884-LIVE.

Umpqua Valley

Music

•The Umpqua Community College Summer Musical will be presented on Aug. 1 and 8 at 2 p.m. and Aug. 6 and 7 at 8 p.m. in the Jacoby Auditorium. Tickets are available at Ricketts

Music, Fullerton Drug, and the UCC fine-arts office. Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

•A Summer Picnic and Jam will be presented by the Roseburg Folklore Society at Singleton Park from 5 p.m. till dark. From Roseburg, take Garden Valley Rd. to the River Forks Market, then go left on Curry Rd. to the park. For more information, call 503-673-5912.

•The second Mountain Stage Folk Festival will be presented by the Roseburg Folklore Society on Aug. 5 at Millsite Park, Myrtle Creek, from 6:30-8 p.m. Admission is free. For more information, call 503-673-9759 or 863-3171.

•In Concert: Bob Franke will be presented by the Roseburg Folklore Society at the Umpqua Valley Art Center, 1624 W. Harvard, Roseburg, on Aug. 15 at 8 p.m. Tickets \$6 (\$4 kids 16 and under). For more information, call 503-672-2532.

Exhibits

•The Oregon Trail Quilt Show. Through Aug. Hallie Brown Ford Gallery, Umpqua Valley Arts Center, 1624 W. Harvard, Roseburg. 503-672-2532.

•Pastels by Charlotte Abernathy, oil/pastels by Leslie LeViner. Hallie Brown Ford Gallery, Umpqua Valley Arts Center, 1624 W. Harvard, Roseburg. (503)672-2532.

Other events

•The city of Roseburg Visitors & Convention Bureau (503-672-9731) lists the following events: Music on the Half Shell, Aug. 3, 7-9 p.m., Stewart Park. Yoncalla Summer Festival, Aug. 6-8, 7 p.m. (849-2645). Douglas County Fair, Aug. 10-14, Douglas County Fairgrounds (440-4505). Sutherlin's Annual Blackberry Festival, Aug. 21-22 (459-3240). Winston/Dillard Melon Festival, Winston, Aug. 27-29 (679-7696).

Coast

Theater

•Move Over Mrs. Markham will be presented from Aug. 13 through Sept. 11 at the Curry Fairgrounds, Gold Beach. For time and ticket information, call 503-484-7052.

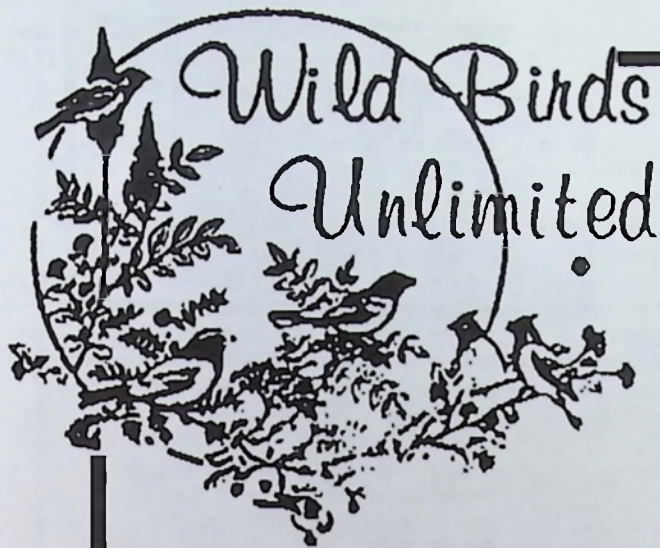
•Show Boat, directed by Melissa Durel, will be presented by the Bandon Playhouse from Aug. 20 through Sept. 4 at 8 p.m. at the Ocean Crest School auditorium, 10th St. & Allegany Ave. For time and ticket information, call 503-347-9881.

•Little Ole Opry on the Bay. First Friday and Saturday in August at 8 p.m. Amateur performers sing and dance with a live country-western band in a 400-seat auditorium. Little Theatre on the Bay, Hwy. 101 South and Washington Street, North Bend. For time and ticket information, call 503-756-4336

Northern California

Exhibits

•Photography by Bruno Grossi. July 24-Aug. 13. Reception July 24 at 6 p.m. Brown Trout Gallery, 5841 Sacramento Ave., Dunsmuir. 916-235-0754.



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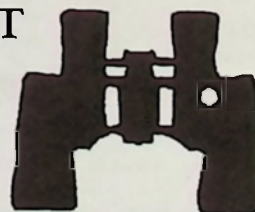
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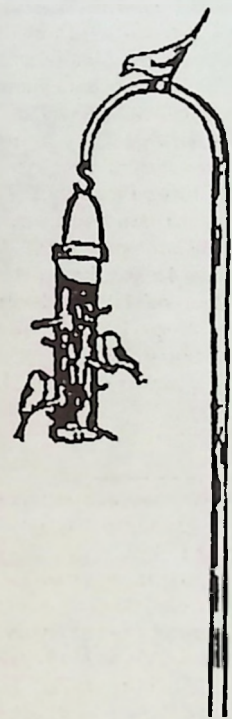
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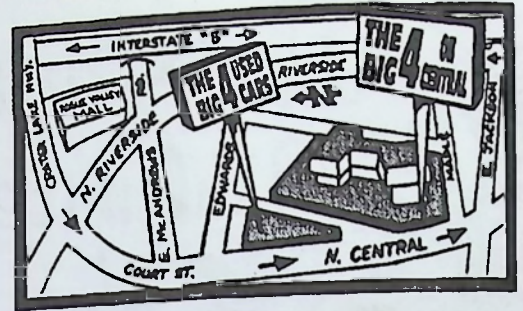


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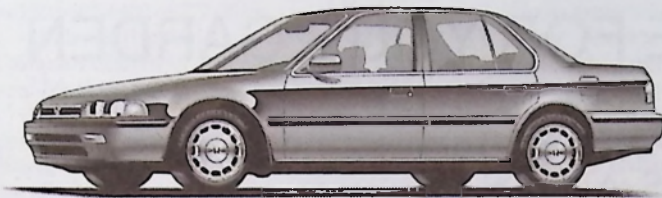
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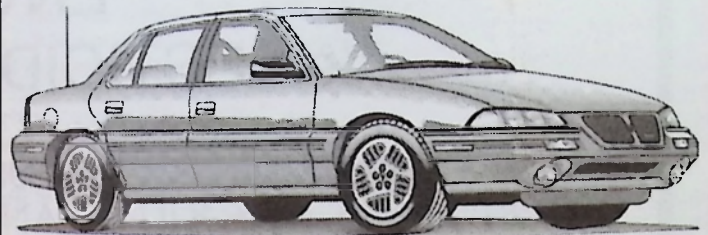
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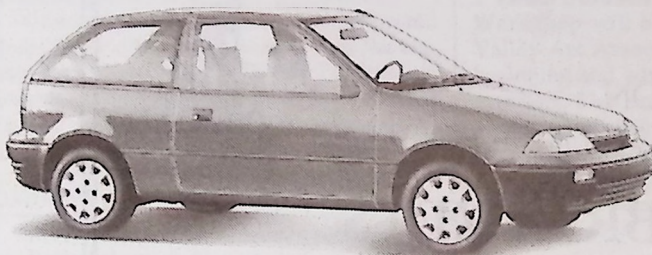
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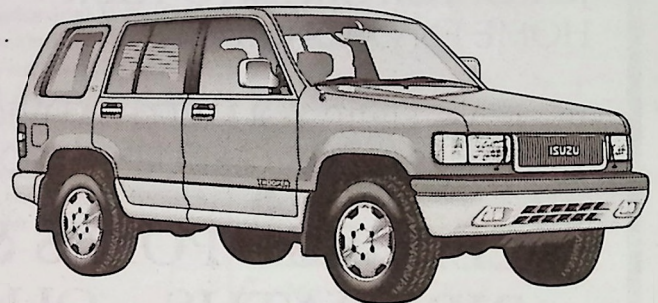
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